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THE  
LADIES'  
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

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SEPTEMBER, 1816.

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*MISS LINLEY, afterwards MRS. SHERIDAN.*

**I**T very frequently happens that writers who record departed excellence, and who were not personally acquainted with the subject of their biography, are, from the want of proper materials, obliged to adopt traditionary information; which, whether false or true, as it cannot readily be controverted or ascertained, is from necessity received, and characters are thus, too often, committed to posterity in a very vague, unauthorised, and, sometimes, an equivocal manner. But, as in our present memoir, where the biographer was a personal witness of the superior excellence, and uncommon talents, he records, it becomes, not a doubtful, but a pleasant task; and such a narrative, known to be drawn from personal knowledge, and authentic sources, must be generally perused with increased interest and still greater satisfaction.

Miss Linley was the eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Linley, many years an eminent singing master, and composer of music, at Bath; but becoming (on Mr. Garrick's relinquishing his proprietary) a joint patentee, with Mr. Sheridan and Dr. Ford, of Drury-lane Theatre, he from that time resided in London\*. The subject of our memoir displayed from her infancy, talents of very uncommon extent, particularly in music; these, under the continual care and cultivation of a

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\* Mr. Linley died in 1795.



parent so highly competent as Mr. Linley was to instruct, could not fail of producing a proficient of more than ordinary excellence.—Such was Miss Linley.—Gifted by nature with a voice strong and flexible, of much sweetness and compass, with a style, tender, graceful, and rapid, she came forth, at an early age, a phenomenon at the Bath Concerts, captivating her hearers by her uncommon and irresistible powers; and subduing, like David and Timotheus, every heart, learned or ignorant, the friend or the foe.

To her natural and acquired attainments, Miss L. added a person and face of uncommon grace and beauty, with affability in her manners and conversation. Notwithstanding the rapturous applause she always received for her musical exertions in public, she bore her "*blushing honours thick upon her*," without betraying any of that vanity, and vaunting superiority, too common with little minds. A young beautiful female so accomplished, and so applauded by the general voice, could not fail of attracting numerous admirers among the young men at Bath: among these, "*though last, not least*," was the late Mr. Sheridan, who, for his gallant conduct in an affair of honour with another admirer (a Mr. Matthews, who had made some improper advances to Miss L. and published a paragraph in a public paper which tended to prejudice her character), soon became the favoured lover. Miss Linley did not suffer a long time to elapse before she rewarded Mr. Sheridan for the dangers he had braved in her defence, by accompanying him on a matrimonial excursion to the continent.—The ceremony was again performed on their return to England, April 13, 1773, with the consent of the lady's parents.

Previous, however, to this event, while she was Miss Linley, she became the principal performer in the Oratorios at Drury-lane Theatre; and the science, taste, but above all the enthusiastic feeling which she displayed in the execution of the airs assigned to her, are still remembered by many with delight. The strains which she poured forth were the happiest combinations of nature and art. Her accents were so melodious and captivating, and their passage to the heart so sudden and irresistible, that "*list'ning Envy would have dropp'd*



her snakes, and stern-ey'd Fury's self have melted" at the sounds. The writer of this memoir well remembers, as doubtless there are many others still living, who, if they heard her, must have ever since borne in their recollection the electrical (it may be said) effect her surprising powers had on the audience; it was (as Dr. Burney observed of Farinelli's first appearance at the Italian Opera, in 1734) ecstacy! rapture! enchantment!

This may appear to many who had not the felicity of hearing the divine singer, a little enthusiastic; but when they read the following anecdote, it may, perhaps, dispose them to think otherwise:—

One evening, in the performance of Milton's *L'Allegro Il Penseroso*, the song of "*Sweet Bird*," which all musical *dilettante* know to be a *bravura* of considerable difficulty to execute, Miss Linley so enraptured the audience by her performance of it, that an *encore* was universally required. Miss L. acquiesced, but so improved on the repetition, by varying her graces and cadences, that, unprecedented in the annals of the theatre at that period, and, we believe, ever since, she was required to sing it a *third* time. This she began to attempt, but being too much exhausted by the two preceding performances—she curtsied—confessed her inability then—but if indulged, she would repeat it at the end of the act. This the audience, of course, readily assented to, and she absolutely sung "*Sweet Bird*" three times on the same evening.

From the period of her marriage, Mrs. Sheridan never appeared as a public performer. Her situation in the Oratorios was filled by her sister, Miss Mary Linley\*.

\* This young lady, although an accomplished singer, not possessing her sister's natural gift of voice, and, we may say, manner, of course, was not so successful. She married Mr. Tickle, the poet, whose death was occasioned by throwing himself, in a phrensy fit, from a window at Hampton-Court Palace, where he had apartments.

A brother of the Misses L. a very promising performer on the violin, also made his *debut*, as leader of the band, during his sister's engagements at the Oratorios. This unfortunate young man, on a visit to a former Duke of Ancaster, at his seat, Grimsthorpe Park,



Several lucrative proposals were about this time made to Mrs. Sheridan, to induce her once more to charm the public ear, but they were rejected with disdain by her husband. During their residence in Orchard-street, they were subject to very distressing embarrassments; yet the firmness of Mr. Sheridan, in resisting every proposition of this nature, by which any loss of estimation in the eyes of the world might be incurred, remained invincible. He received a letter from the proprietors of the Pantheon, which was then about to be opened, offering Mrs. Sheridan *one thousand pounds* for her performance during *twelve* nights, and *one thousand pounds* more for a benefit, the profits of which they were to appropriate to their own use. The temptation of so large a sum as *two thousand pounds*, which might have been gained in a few weeks, was not merely declined, but rejected with indignation, notwithstanding the earnest entreaties of his wife.

We cannot close this memoir without reverting again to the talents of our heroine. Mrs. Sheridan, to her musical abilities, added very considerable poetical ones. It was a well known fact at the time, and has since been acknowledged, that the lyric part of the *Dianna* was projected, and many of the songs wholly written, by Mrs. Sheridan: also many, if not all, of the airs in *Selima and Azor* (an opera composed by her father) were of her writing. This extraordinary and highly-gifted female, from what cause it is not for us now to divine (although, perhaps, it might be truly suggested), very early became a martyr to inquietude and declining health; a rural retirement was taken for her at Brompton, where, after lingering a considerable time in a deep consumption, she expired, June 1792, universally regretted and esteemed.

By her marriage with Mr. Sheridan, she had one son, the present Mr. Thomas Sheridan. A. P.

near Bourne, in Lincolnshire, being one day with a party sailing on an extensive lake there, suddenly fell overboard, and was drowned. On recovering the body, his coat pockets were found to be filled with pebbles, from whence it was conjectured to have been a premeditated suicide; and no other reason could be assigned for it than a disappointment in love.



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## THE GOSSIPER, N<sup>o</sup>. XIX.

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Munus et officium, nil scribens ipse, docebo.

HOR. A. P.

Although no author, yet can teach the rules.

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MR. GOSSIPER,

NOTWITHSTANDING the boasted superiority of the present system of female education, it is greatly to be regretted that so little attention is paid to Grammar in general, more particularly to those important parts of it, orthography and pronunciation. It is no unfrequent thing to find persons highly accomplished unable to *parse* the sentences which they speak, or write. Who does not constantly hear, or read, phrases such as the following?—"The letter was *wrote*." "The coach was *drove* by Thomas." This error arises from not making a distinction between the preterit\* and the past participle, as *written*, *driven*, in the above examples. Again "A *wonderful* fine horse," "An *amazing* pretty girl," instead of *wonderfully*, *amazingly*, which must be adverbs, and not adjectives. "A blue *or* a black coat *are* handsome." This is a very common mistake of the conjunction disjunctive *or* for the conjunction copulative *and*. Two nominatives singular, connected by the former, should govern a verb singu-

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\* According to the English Grammars in use, *wrote*, which, as our Correspondent observes, cannot be employed passively, is the *imperfect tense* (as *I wrote*, or *did write*), and not the *preterit*, or *perfect tense*, as he calls it; unless he means to correct the error into which our grammarians have fallen, from not having sufficiently studied the English verb; viz. that the tense which has hitherto been called *imperfect*, from being capable of defining the time, is, correctly speaking, the *preterit*, or *perfect tense*; and the *preterit*, or *perfect tense*, as it has been denominated, is more properly the *aorist*, or *imperfect tense*, because it is never capable of defining the time. Any grammarian may bring this position to the test by taking a few examples, and adding a precise time to them. ED.



lar, but by the latter a plural. In writing such words as the following, great difference prevails, "biassed, bigótted, unriválled, geniússes, fortússes, and chorússes." Bishop Lowth's rule is as follows—"Words of one syllable, or at most two, and then having the accent upon the latter syllable, ending in a single consonant, preceded by a single vowel, in forming an additional syllable, double the consonant." This admirable rule may be thus both ways exemplified, *put, putting; bed, bedded; impel, impelling; court, courted; import, imported; fit, fitting; bias, biased; bigot, bigoted.* I have merely adduced the above prevailing errors in confirmation of what I first asserted.

And now with regard to pronunciation, so lamentably deficient are nine-tenths of the common instructors of youth, that young persons are taught to pronounce the *o* in *discover, recover, tongue, combat, groveling, &c.* like the *o* in *rove*, because they are informed that *c, o, m, &c.* spells *com*, and not *cum*\*. The same error prevails with the other vowels and diphthongs. In truth it is perfectly ridiculous to endeavour to reduce the pronunciation of our vowels to a uniformity; there is a *jus et norma loquendi* (a law and rule of speaking) which must be attended to. On this subject, I cannot but regret that "Sheridan's Lectures on the Art of Reading," and "Sheridan's improved Pronouncing Dictionary," should not be in the hands of every scholar.

The above observations, Sir, I have offered, without wishing to dictate to you the subject of your writings, in hope that yourself, or some of your Correspondents, will follow up with more ability, and at greater length, the hasty suggestions of, Sir,

Your Friend,  
and occasional Reader,  
PETER PEDAGOGUE.

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\* This remark must be confined to the provinces, or to some particular district; for certain it is that most of the teachers in and about the metropolis, are more competent to, and understand their profession better. *Ed.*



THE  
NARRATION OF AGLAÛS,  
*THE ARCADIAN.*

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I AM Aglaüs, the son of Apollo, and the handsome Isis\*; and the grandson of Jupiter. I was born in happy Arcadia; my education was entrusted to the centaur Chiron†, so justly celebrated for his profound knowledge and wisdom. Educated in a cave, in the most remote part of a forest, far from imbibing savage manners, I acquired in this solitude a taste for the fine arts, peace, and useful agriculture. As soon as the centaur perceived that my intellectual powers were beginning to expand, he particularly applied himself to the study and knowledge of my natural inclination. He related to me the wonderful narratives of the heroes whom he had instructed and formed. I listened with astonishment to the recital of the exploits of Hercules, Theseus, Pirithoüs, the two Ajax, and the fiery Achilles; but I became still more attentive, and appeared more affected, when the centaur spoke to me of the beneficent Triptolemus, the friend of Ceres and the divine Orpheus, the sublime chanter, and happy legislator, who, to soften the manners of an ignorant and barbarous people, charming them at first by the sounds of his immortal lyre, began by bewitching them, to instruct and prepare them to hear the words of peace, receive the lessons of humanity, and submit to the salutary yoke of laws. The centaur observed attentively the impression that his narrations made upon my mind and heart; judged of my charac-

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\* The daughter, according to mythology, of Macareus, the Lesbian hero, grandson of Jupiter.

† The centaur Chiron was the founder of almost all the gods and demi-gods of mythology.



ter, and meditated upon the destiny which was best suited to me. I had not attained the age of fifteen, when, one morning, at break of day, seated at the entrance of our grotto, the centaur, after a long silence, thus addressed me:—

“You know, my son, in cultivating your mind, and commending your peaceful disposition, I have not neglected to inure you to fatigue, and to learn you the exercises necessary to a soldier; for every man ought to be able to assist, when wanted, in the defence of his country; and to take arms, and march at the command of his chief, when the interest, or the glory of the state requires it; but your natural propensity inclines you to prefer retirement and obscurity to the tumultuous life of camps. You are not born for daring enterprises, and to seek glory on distant shores. It is the diversity of tastes and inclinations that produce the harmonious beauty of the universe: if all men abandoned the sacred altars of the Muses, and the rural temples of Ceres and Pales, to follow the terrible God of battles, our fields would become sterile, and the fine arts would no longer exist; with them also glory would be extinct; in what would it consist without poets to celebrate and transmit from age to age the remembrance of great exploits? The uncertain and gloomy goddess of vague inquietude and profound reveries, the ingenious and pensive Cura, presides especially at the formation of men of genius, whom ambition governs\*. Thus the want of impulse, the secret fire which consumes them, is in them only an inspiration, and a sublime presentiment of their high destiny. I have always observed in every hero who has been under my care, this restless ardour: it was manifested in the young Achilles from his earliest years; far from endeavouring to extinguish it, I was pleased to nourish, support, and preserve the sacred fire; the consequences have been seen, haughty Troy is destroyed, and Greece is revenged!

“For you, dear Aglaüs, another kind of glory is reserved; go, and cultivate the happy fields of the beautiful Arcadia;

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\* Mythology attributes to Cura, the goddess of uneasiness, the formation of man. See the *Mythological Dictionary*.



go, place yourself in the beneficent class of the peaceful restorers of the ills produced by war; and while Discord tosses her torches, and hovers over the universe, whilst in so many places the chariots and coursers of warriors, like torrents of lava, thrown from the depths of burning Etna, ravage in an instant the meadows and ploughed fields which they traverse, in fine, while the dart and the homicidal arrow so often carry into fields and cities death and desolation; let useful labours maintain abundance round you, and throw into this earth, so often covered with blood, seeds of life and happiness; in noble leisure, in the shade of groves, celebrate on your lyre the beauties and the gifts of nature; above all, sing of gods and heroes. My son, this is the fate to which you are born; you can fight when honour shall command you; but your inclination, removing you from deceitful courts and noisy cities, will ever bring you back to the country in the bosom of nature."

Thus spoke the wise centaur; I followed his advice; devoted my life to solitude; and to peaceful and consolatory arts. I went to establish myself in happy Arcadia, in the midst of an agricultural people; and, at the same time, famed for their taste for poetry and music. This fortunate people fear the gods, and worship in private the protecting divinities of fields, woods, and herds. In this delightful country, an ostentatious piety never raised sumptuous edifices; neither marble temples, nor bronze statues, are seen there. We offer to the gods only their own gifts: crowned with ears of corn and vine-branches, beneath vaults of foliage, in groves of myrtle and roses, we invoke Bacchus, Pomona, Ceres, and Flora. These propitious deities protect such pure offerings; and take upon themselves the care of perpetuating these fragile monuments. At the return of spring, they again paint with green the moss and turf of the altars raised by our hands; they make our woods and sacred groves to grow and flourish again. Thus to second us in the homage that we pay them, is to manifest themselves, and answer us; whilst elsewhere, in superb temples of granite and porphyry, they appear insensible, and are mute,



Wishing to fix myself for ever in this delightful country, I took upon myself the charge of embellishing my habitation. I formed my garden of uncultivated ground, but covered with a fine shade of trees. I made a draught of alleys and thickets; I planted in it fruit trees, and especially the useful olive-tree; the first draught of which Aristæus committed to the care of the nymphs of Sicily, and afterwards brought into Greece\*. In this inclosure, I raised altars to my beloved divinities, Apollo, Minerva, the Muses, the Graces, Vertumnus, and Pan, gods of orchards and fields. Afterwards, elected chief of the Arcadians, this dignity, far from hindering my wonted occupations, only imposed upon me the duty of giving myself up to them with perseverance. I had not to govern an enterprising and warlike people, nor to defend them from the ambition of their neighbours. The wealth we possess is not envied; fertile fields, simplicity of manners, a love of labour, and contempt of ease. I presided at our harvests and vintages, at religious ceremonies, and even at the innocent sports of our herdsmen and shepherds. It was thus that the monotonous and happy days of my youth slid away in profound peace, like the limpid waters of Erymanthus, whose tranquil and regular course no rock breaks, nor retards, across meadows enamelled with flowers, that it refreshes and fertilises.

When the time came for the Arcadians to send offerings to Delphi, according to an ancient custom, I sued for, and obtained the honour of leading the deputation. Arrived at Delphi, after having made the prescribed purifications, we went to the temple, and presented, in behalf of the Arcadians, two brass tripods, of costly work. I then offered, in my own name, a golden cup, which I had received in my infancy from Macareus, son of Crinacus, my grandfather. This cup contained bas-relievos which represented Macareus, that hero, celebrated for so many exploits, leading a colony of Ionians, of Achaia, in the isle of Lesbos. We consulted the oracle of Apollo; the Pythia, inspired by the god, pro-

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\* Mythological Dictionary.



promised Arcadia a glorious destiny, a celebrated legislator, a friend of the arts\*, and a warrior always victorious†. These two great men were to appear at epochs distant from each other. Not only no mortal has reunited such talents, but no country has at once possessed such heroes. I consulted the Pythia about my own fate. She answered, "Apollo himself declares from my lips, that Aglaüs is the happiest of men, because he has never passed the bounds of his inheritance, but to come into Phocis to honour the gods, and live satisfied with the produce of his labour. O! son of Apollo, a god jealous of the happiness of sages will disturb the serenity of thy life; but perseverance and virtue will reserve a reward at which the desires of the most ambitious mortals never dare aspire." This answer, doubtless too glorious for me, gave me more pain than pleasure; it announced to me great alterations in my destiny; and this idea alone terrified my imagination, and already disturbed my repose.

We quitted Phocis; and were all equally impatient of being again in Arcadia. The rich inhabitants of large cities, after an absence, return to their palaces without curiosity; they may there find the waste occasioned by the negligence of their slaves; but nothing can be bettered; the seasons have no influence upon statues, golden vases, and pictures. These sumptuous and sad abodes offer nothing but melancholy and immoveable beauties, only a vain spectacle, without change, or variety. But with what pleasure do we return to view the opening spring in a rural habitation! I had left my woods stripped of leaves; I found again pure air, verdure, and flowers; I heard with delight the first songs of Philomel. It seemed to me as if all nature was reanimating, and taking again its brilliant dress, to receive

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\* Cercidas, who set so great a value on Homer, that he ordered the two first books of the Iliad to be put into his tomb.

† Epaminondas, a Theban: he gained one battle in Arcadia against the Lacedæmonians; and built there the city of Mégapolis.



me, and celebrate my return. With what interest I questioned the herdsmen, the guardians of my flocks! With what delight I surveyed my orchards and fields, and as if I were enjoying by anticipation all the pleasures of summer, and all the riches of autumn!

My habitation was situated upon the confines of Arcadia. One day, while in a long and pleasing reverie, I had wandered far into the country, when I suddenly heard melodious sounds from several voices, accompanied by divers instruments, which formed a sweet and religious music. I raised my eyes, and beheld at a distance a company of men and women, who were slowly advancing. I went towards them, and soon perceived, by the garments of these persons, that they were foreigners. On coming still nearer, I saw that they were conducting a young female veiled, crowned with flowers; who, as she walked, trembled so much that they were obliged to support her. I easily divined that this young stranger was a victim to the vow of Sacred Spring\*. Strongly affected, I advanced a few paces, and placing myself behind a tree, I there awaited the unravelling of this scene. In a few minutes, the relations of the young female stopped; they put on a large stone, found by the road-side, a distaff, some balls of wool, a vessel full of water, a loaf, and a large basket filled with fruit.—The music ceased; and, after a moment's silence, the oldest man in the company, raising his hands to heaven, ejaculated—"O Jupiter! and you, immortal gods, inhabitants of Olympus, watch over this child, confided to Providence; make her find an asylum and protectors! Piety sacrifices her; may a holy hospitality receive and console her."—At these words, a woman in tears pressed the victim to her breast; and I could distinguish no sounds but those of sighing and sobbing: this unhappy woman was the mother of the young victim, whom they were obliged to tear forcibly from the arms of her daughter. She

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\* This trait is taken from the Encyclopedia, under the word Sacred Spring. An explanation of this superstition will be found in the next Number.



fainted; and was carried away; the victim they placed upon the stone, loaded with the last gifts of her family; and all who accompanied her hastily went away.

Then I approached the victim, seated upon a stone in a posture of deep dejection. "Young unfortunate," said I to her, "recover yourself; Heaven has conducted you into a hospitable land; and has already given you a new country, an asylum, and a father. Rise, and follow me." This speech made the unknown start. She lifted up her head, inclined upon her breast, and said—"What! will you promise never to abandon me?" This question, and the touching sound of her voice, affected me most inexpressibly. "Yes," cried I, "and I call all the gods to witness it, the avengers of perjury." At these words, she rose, and, stretching out her hand to me, said, "I am Calisphyre, daughter of Cydippe and Acontius, of Corinth. I commit myself to your care." After having pronounced these words, she took off her crown of flowers, and put it upon the stone; then lifted up her veil to untie the bands of white wool which encircled her forehead, the sorrowful badges of the sacrifice she had been made, which she offered to hospitable Jupiter. During this time, I remained immoveable, with my eyes fixed upon the enchanting countenance that she had just discovered. I thanked the gods for having inspired me with the intention of adopting her before I had seen her; I could applaud myself for a good action. At length, resuming speech, "I am Aglaüs," said I. "Is it possible?" cried she; "what! that Aglaüs whom the oracle of Delphi has declared the wisest of men? Ah! then all the wishes of myself and parents are favourably heard." While thus speaking, Calisphyre leaned upon my arm, and I conducted her to my habitation. "Reign here," said I, as I entered, "and may friendship render this abode agreeable to you!" I dared not say more. Calisphyre had only yet seen sixteen springs revive; and I was no longer in the bloom of youth. I was already very certain that I should love her passionately; but could not be equally so of having it returned.

*(To be continued.)*



ON THE NECESSITY OF SUBDUING THE IMPETUOSITY  
OF PASSION;

AND

THE INFLUENCE OF FEMALES UPON SOCIETY  
IN GENERAL.

In a world where the generality of its inhabitants are destined to encounter so many trials of temper, and where the happiness of so many individuals depend upon its being well-governed, I conceive my time cannot be better occupied than in pointing out the necessity of controul being placed upon the passions.

If a passionate man exposes himself to the loss of esteem and affection, a passionate woman becomes an object of aversion and contempt; and, by yielding to the impetuosity of her feelings, loses all claim to courtesy and respect! With that sex, whose characteristic trait is softness, mankind naturally become disgusted at beholding even a deviation from that gentleness which ought to shine with transcendant brightness.

Let it not, however, be supposed, I wish to recommend that insipidity of character which is alike incapable of resenting insult, or feeling the force of kindness; I merely mean to caution the fair sex against the ebullitions of temper, which so often prove fatal to domestic happiness. In society, we frequently perceive, that a contention about trifles possesses the power of weakening the bonds of friendship and confidence; and that discord which subsists in private families, may too often be traced to that destructive source.

As we are endowed by Nature with different feelings, and must, of course, see objects through a different medium; so it would be folly to expect any person to prefer another's eyes to their own; and equally so, to suppose that the impetuosity of argument should be able to carry conviction. Argument, I am aware, is by some persons considered the very life of conversation; and where it can be supported by strength of judgement, and coolness of temper, I am ready to conform to that opinion; yet, were I going to dispose of a be-



loved daughter in marriage, I would strongly enforce the necessity of her never entering into argument with her husband; for I am well aware there is that pride of opinion in my own sex which makes them revolt at the bare idea of contradiction; and that a female would purchase the victory in argument at a very dear rate, if, by so doing, she hazarded the loss of her husband's affection.

But it is not merely the opposition of argument, against which I would caution my female readers; for life abounds with too many cares and vexations to add to its miseries by a contention about trifles. It is not the person who yields, but the person who contends a point of no essential consequence, who invariably obtains the disapprobation of the judicious; and in the marriage station it will, I believe, universally be acknowledged, that pliancy of sentiment is peculiarly necessary in the woman. There are, I allow, some tempers so arbitrary, that the unfortunate partners of their destiny must show some resistance to prevent becoming mere cyphers; and others, where the slightest opposition to their caprices adds fury to the impetuosity of passion! but characters of this description, thank Heaven, are not frequent; yet, as passion is a failing to which mankind are peculiarly prone, it doubtless becomes a part of the Moralists's duty to endeavour to check the ebullition.

If a mirror could be held up to the mind to display the varying distortions produced by passion, as the looking-glass exposes each defect in the person, what a happy check would it give to those dreadful irritations which often terminate in violence! A female, under the influence of these baneful impressions, seems entirely to have divested herself of those qualities which excite affection; and I am almost inclined to consider them as nonentities in the scale of creation!

“ Oh, woman! lovely woman!

Nature made *thee* to temper man!”

And perfectly do I agree with the Poet in that sentiment.

In proportion to the influence which females obtain in society, is that society refined and elegant; and with this power of quelling the impetuosity of our passions, it is surely neces-



sary for them to obtain entire subjection over their own. A man of sense and sensibility will seldom be found able to resist the softness and persuasion of the object of his affection; though, to the disgrace of that natural softness, they have sometimes been known to instigate him to the practice of cruelty and desperation. Ancient and modern history afford sad examples of the truth of this assertion; yet most readily do I acknowledge, that the most delightful moments of our existence are derived from the society of an amiable and intelligent woman! In the bosom of an affectionate wife, a man not only securely reposes all his sorrows, but is certain of finding a mixture of sympathy and consolation; and in the rationality of her remarks, and in the conciliatory tendency of her observations, he finds a silken chain imperceptibly placed upon his passions.

Nature, if I may be allowed the expression, having vested this conciliatory charm in women, it will, doubtless, be granted, that the greatest care ought to be bestowed upon their education; and, as the concord of society frequently depends upon their influence, they should early be taught dominion over prejudice and passion. If, instead of that time and attention which is bestowed upon superficial acquirements that neither correct the heart, nor improve the understanding, the instructors of youth would but half as sedulously endeavour to store the mind with religious and moral principles, we might hope to see that golden age arising, so beautifully described by the poets.

There are certain ranks of life, I allow, where accomplishments are actually necessary to the properly sustaining that situation individuals are destined to fill; yet those need never interfere with the discharge of the more important duties which, as members of society, will be required from them; and the instructress who endeavours to impress the mind of her pupil with a just sense of the gratification which may be derived from an ascendancy over one baneful passion, will more essentially discharge the duties of her office, than the being who is able to impart perfection in every accomplishment.



THE TOMB OF AMESTRIS;  
*A PERSIAN TALE.*

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THE HISTORY OF ANEPHIS, SURNAMED THE HAPPY.

*(Continued from page 84.)*

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I DISCONTINUED my narrative at that part in which the queen of the Isle of Flowers had just declared that in an hour she should marry her liberator. No language can give an adequate conception of the grief I felt. I not only lost (by my own misconduct) a crown, and all the splendour and gratification that glory could give, but I also lost a virtuous, sensible, and charming wife, whose wit and talents had inspired me with the most lively admiration, and whose person alone had turned my brain! I remained petrified, and at first unable to answer her, except by tears, which escaped in spite of me. At length, anger succeeding to grief,—No, no, cried I, if you had loved me, you would excuse a fault that your beauty alone has made me commit. I resisted without effort the charms of the nymphs of Morgeline, and I have yielded only to your's! you only punish me, because you are changed; your infidelity is the sole cause of my misfortune; you love my rival. No, Anephis, answered Rozelis, affected, I obey my duty, and it is with a sigh. The Prince of Phase (which is the name of my liberator) is endowed with uncommon beauty; but he has neither your understanding, nor sensibility. I confess to you, without disguise, that the extreme sterility of his conversation has made the year that he has passed with me seem very long: he is unaccountably blunt and unpolished in his manners; which he in vain tried to conceal; and which must make me fear his character. But I am bound by gratitude; he undertook to deliver me only on condition that I should promise him my hand; he required, as a pledge of my sincerity, a ruby ring; upon which, with the point of a diamond, he made



me engrave my name; so that I am irrevocably engaged. No matter, interrupted I; to break so odious an engagement, I can brave every thing; yes, every thing; even your anger! The Prince of Phase shall not be your husband till he has deprived me of existence. While I spoke these words, the nymphs of Rozelis came, followed by the principal inhabitants of the isle, to conduct their sovereign to the nuptial grove, where her marriage was to be celebrated. The queen, with an expression of profound sorrow, suffered herself to be led, ordering me to depart, and yield to my fate. Determined to contend with my rival, I made no answer, and was lost in the crowd. We arrived in an immense hall of green plants, ornamented with garlands of hawthorns: the queen took her seat upon a throne of flowers, supported by four swans of the most clear and transparent alabaster. Above the head of the queen was seen a canopy, as magnificent as elegant, a sparkling gold net, with compact and brilliant mails, a precious work of fairies, and fastened at the four corners by festoons of roses and superb palm-trees. Rozelis upon this throne, so well designed for her, resembled the celestial Anaitis. In contemplating her, I felt my grief, love, and daring, at once increase. Suddenly the king of the geni, and his numerous retinue, arrived, invited to the wedding by Rozelis; and, at last, Morgeline, conducting the Prince of Phase; for, immediately after the deliverance of Rozelis, Morgeline had been reconciled to her; and she had even heaped marks of distinction upon the prince, who had received the most magnificent presents from her; and as Rozelis, urged to conclude her marriage, had requested a delay of some days, the prince, in the mean time, had remained in the cavern of Morgeline, who had undertaken to conduct him to the Isle of Flowers on the day destined by Rozelis. Concealed in a corner of the hall, behind a tree, I resolved to wait the moment in which the queen should descend from her throne, for challenging my rival. The king of the geni placed himself near the queen; Morgeline, with a triumphant air, advanced towards her, supported by the Prince of Phase; and kept standing opposite the throne.



Rozelis, said she to her, I must inform you, on this solemn occasion, how much you are indebted to me: I have chosen for you the husband to whom you are going to be united: I considered, that so sensible and ingenious a princess required a great man for her liberator. I have been into Egypt to look for one. I have myself conducted him to the shores of my gulf; and to me alone you owe this glorious union. The tone of voice in which this was spoken, agitated Rozelis; she knew that this enchantress always used irony when she was meditating, or when she was doing a bad deed; and that then, like all wicked fools, she thought to display infinite power. What do you mean? interrupted the queen. You shall soon know, answered Morgeline with a frightful smile; but, before all, learn that nothing can disengage you. Here is the ring that you gave your liberator; you have engraved your name upon this ruby; and I have made a talisman of it upon the altar of Destiny; by which the person whose name is upon this stone, is for ever dependant, and as the wife, and even the slave of him who received this ring. The geni who hear me know that a talisman made with the wand that I possess, upon the altar of Destiny, is indestructible; and that nothing can annull the effect of it. It is true, said the king of the geni; but this step seems to announce sinister projects. Why should the amiable Rozelis be a second time the victim of her generous confidence. No, resumed Morgeline, she has so many resources in her mind, that if I cause her some perplexity, she will soon be able to extricate herself from it to her own glory and your satisfaction; for all your interest and wishes center in her. Though I am hated, I will at least be feared. At these words, turning towards the liberator of the queen—Oh! you, said she to him, you, the terror of all Egypt and Africa, the son of Tartarus and Night, the famous giant, the formidable Typhon, appear in your true form. At these words, which filled the whole assembly with horror, the figure of the pretended Prince of Phase vanished like a phantom, to give place to the most frightful reality. Suddenly a terrible monster appeared; his gigantic size was more than thirty cubits



high; his dreadful visage shone, and was as red as fire; his eyes darted millions of sparks of fire; whirlwinds of thick smoke, and two large teeth, three times longer than those of an elephant, and black as ebony, issued from his enormous mouth. This hideous image could, upon its broad shoulders, move, and turn about in the same way, with the rapidity of the sails of a mill; and it was surrounded with a hundred monstrous heads of serpents, which had all different voices, and which, together, or separate, made the hissings of the irritated adder, the barking and howling of the dog, the roaring of the bull, the neighing of the horse, the croaking of the raven, and of all the ominous birds of night; the roaring of the lion, the tiger, and every ferocious animal. This monster, worthy to be the son of Tartarus, had brass feet, and four arms, of which three were armed with formidable clubs. His fourth hand, which terminated like the others, with long claws, was disengaged; he had reserved it to receive the charming hand of the unfortunate Rozelis! At the sight of this monster, I darted towards him, desperate, sword in hand; he raised his three clubs; and I should have been exterminated, but for the queen, who extended between us both the branch of roses which she used for a sceptre; and we immediately became mute and immoveable. Rozelis retained this power; because she had not yet pronounced the sacred words of marriage; but, in refusing to go to the altar with Typhon, she was on the point of losing all her art, and becoming the slave and prey of this monster. 'This, said Morgeline to Rozelis, is the last prodigy that you will do. Henceforth, either as the wife, or the slave, of Typhon, all your art, so moderate and so confined, will be annihilated. I require you, in his name, to descend from your throne, to give him your hand, and to go to the altar with him. Do you refuse me? No, answered Rozelis, but I first conjure the geni to secure Anephis from the fury of Typhon. Oh! cried out at once the geni, why cannot we as easily secure you from this horrible destiny? But at least be easy about Anephis: every time the monster would strike him, or only approach him, he will become immoveable



for some minutes. And I, said Morgeline, I, the protectress of the redoubtable Typhon, throw over Anephis the same charm every time that he shall have the boldness voluntarily to approach Typhon. At these words, Rozelis, seeing each of us rendered incapable of attacking the other, withdrew her sceptre of roses; Typhon made some hissings and roarings of anger; and I, in the height of despair, fell upon a turf-seat, and remained there absorbed in a state not to be conceived; and with no other consolation than that I should not long survive this horrible union! Come, come, said Typhon, in a voice of thunder, addressing the queen, follow me to the altar, or I will seize and carry you away. One moment, said Rozelis, let me see whether the ring, become a talisman, is really that which I gave you. Freely, replied Morgeline, there is no risk in placing it in your hands: were you not to return it, were you to throw it into the sea, the talisman would not have the less effect; I repeat, it is indestructible. Saying these words, she delivered up the fatal ring. Rozelis, pale and trembling, seized it; but no sooner had she touched it than her cheeks recovered their lively carnation. Yes, said she, I acknowledge the supreme power of this talisman, formed that the person whose name it bears shall be the wife and slave of Typhon. Oh! powerful king of the geni, added she, read aloud this unfortunate name, and the victim is ready to submit to her fate. At these words, the genius took the ring, looked at it, and ejaculated with joy—Morgeline! Morgeline is the name traced. How? interrupted Morgeline, trembling. Yes, replied Rozelis, wise Morgeline, your enchantments always want something: through the permission of heaven, in forming this black talisman really indestructible, you had forgotten to render my name indelible; my art, confined as it is, has been able to efface it, and substitute your's. And I, said the king of the geni, render the name of the perfidious Morgeline indelible upon this stone. No, sire, interrupted the generous Rozelis, I only wished to terrify her. I beg of you to efface her name, and be the depositary of this fatal ring. The time is past, replied the genius; I have



pronounced the irrevocable words. Morgeline, fallen into the frightful snare that she had laid, is for ever the slave of the monster, whose victim she wished to render you. Thus every effort, and the master-piece of the art, which she has dishonoured by the blackest and most deliberate stratagem, only served to occasion her own ruin: it is just that such treason and cruelty should be punished in an exemplary and extraordinary manner. At these words, the geni and all the court of the queen made the air resound with their applause and acclamations; a mortal paleness covered the face of the odious Morgeline; confounded, cast down, she still threatened stammeringly; but she was ready to faint, and obliged to support herself against a tree. As for me, overjoyed, bathed in the sweetest tears, I could only contemplate the ingenious and affecting Rozelis, adore her in secret, and thank heaven. After a moment's silence, the king of the geni said—Typhon, seize your worthy spouse, and disappear. At these words, the monster, partial to Rozelis, and very dissatisfied with the exchange, shook his Gorgon's head, which began to turn rapidly, as if it had been borne upon a pivot; at the same time, all his frightful serpents, half-opening their impure mouths, from whence issued black and forked tongues, rung their horrid and divers voices in our ears; even the geni were alarmed at them. Typhon, obliged to be contented with Morgeline, advanced towards her, extending his four arms; Morgeline fainted, and the monster carried her away; immediately a thick mist surrounded them both, and they were hid from our sight. Every one applauded the just punishment of the barbarous Morgeline; Rozelis alone was affected at her fate, and sincerely pitied her implacable enemy. Then the king of the geni, addressing himself to Rozelis, said—Princess, your presence of mind and the protection of the gods have just preserved you from the greatest of misfortunes; for a long time, the object of the homage of all the geni, you have rejected their wishes; we could not deliver you, because the powerful art of Morgeline has been able to abuse us, and hide from us at once both your enchantment and the place



that you inhabited. At length, you determined to take a husband, the altar is ready, May we hope that you will condescend to make choice among us? I trembled at these words; for hope had been reanimated in my soul. Rozelis blushed, cast down her eyes, and said nothing. Remember, Rozelis, replied the geni, we will not suffer you to choose a husband out of the circle of Zoroaster. We could not permit such a choice as that of your liberator; for no other besides shall have the happiness and glory to reign in the Isle of Flowers; the sovereign of this enchanted abode has rendered it the most desirable, as well as the most delightful empire in the universe. At these words, I boldly advanced, determined to dispute the heart and hand of Rozelis with all the powers of the earth; but the queen, who knew my design, rendered me a second time mute and immoveable. Afterwards, addressing herself to the assembly—Powerful geni, said she, I will frankly answer your opinion: you believe that I love Anephis; and you do not deceive yourselves; I have never loved but him; and nothing shall force from my heart a sentiment that is dearer to me than my science and my existence. A universal murmur interrupted the queen. I heard this affecting declaration; and, petrified by an insurmountable charm, I could not go and throw myself at the feet of Rozelis, and express my joy and gratitude! She assured me of her love; and I appeared insensible! The geni shewed their discontent by threats, of which I was the particular object. How much I suffered because I could not answer, and brave them! Be calm, said Rozelis, and permit me to speak. If you all promise me not only never to persecute Anephis, but to protect him when I implore your aid for him, I swear, that I will engage never to marry him; to banish him this very day for ever from this isle; and never afterwards to offer myself to his sight. We swear it! cried at once all the geni; we will, on these conditions, be the most ardent protectors of Anephis. Then Rozelis immediately took the odious oath which deprived me of all hope of happiness. During this scene, a cold perspiration covered my face, a violent palpitation of the



heart took away respiration; and, to complete my woe, it seemed as if, could I have said a word, I should have prevented the queen from taking so fatal a resolution.

When the oaths had been pronounced by both parties, in the forms that the science of magic rendered irrevocable; Now, immediately said the sad Rozelis, I make, in the name of the same gods, a new oath, never to take a husband. You have dissipated my fears for the unfortunate and beloved lover whom I am compelled to renounce. I have satisfied your jealousy; but I will at least remain free; Anephis shall at least not have to envy the fate of a rival. At these words, the geni were filled with fear; but reproaches and complaints were useless: they took leave of Rozelis, and disappeared. Then the queen withdrew her sceptre of roses, and I recovered the faculty of expressing my grief. Rozelis answered me, that, without she had made this covenant, I should have been the victim of the revenge of the geni, and that she was obliged to sacrifice her love to the safety of my existence. Anephis, added she, if you are susceptible of a sentiment sufficiently pure to remain faithful to me without seeing me, you will not lose Rozelis. Her soul, solely occupied about you, will ever correspond with your's. My affection will render me more ingenious than ever. I can still be happy by proving it to you in a thousand different ways. And you, Anephis, will find some happiness in receiving these testimonies of an ardent and celestial love. Doubt not, cried I, shedding a flood of tears. I swear, at your feet, never to love any other, to renounce every other engagement, and to preserve for the remembrance of you alone, all the fidelity due to the sacred bonds of Hymen. It is sufficient, replied Rozelis, mingling her tears with mine; the entire soul of Rozelis is your's for life. But imagine not, continued she, that I shall follow you invisible; my art cannot go so far; and I am not sorry for it; I will reunite myself to you in a manner infinitely more pure: I shall be able to follow you by day but two hours. My soul alone will watch over you. I shall leave my body, like a vain phantom, in this palace; and my soul, freed from terrestrial bonds, will bound over



space to fix near you. Expect it every morning, as soon as you see the first rays of dawn appear; unless that a duty, a service to return, an action of humanity to do, should employ those two hours elsewhere, the only time that it will be possible to devote to you. But you enquire of the interval in which your soul will not be seen by mine, it shall acquire, at this moment, by a generous sacrifice, a fresh right to my tenderness. Adieu! dear Anephis! To what place do you wish to be conveyed? They are all alike indifferent to me. Send me to the shores of the Euphrates. But still wait. Oh! let me contemplate a few moments this enchanting form, which I shall never see again. Oh! that I could die at your feet with regret and sorrow! As I pronounced these words, the queen touched me with her sceptre, immediately a brilliant cloud, of a gold and purple colour, separated me from her. I vainly extended my arms, calling Rozelis, in a groaning tone. I embraced nothing but air and dew. Too faithful image of happiness, which vanishes, like a deceitful cloud, at the instant you think to grasp it! My eyes, suffused with tears, grew dull, and closed. I lost the use of my senses. On recovering again, I found myself upon the shores of the Euphrates.

(*To be continued.*)

#### QUEEN ELIZABETH AND THE REV. JOHN BLOWER.

IN the parish register of White Waltham, Berks, is an entry, bearing date 1644, which records, that "Mr. John Blower was vicar of the parish of White Waltham for the space of sixty-seven years, namely, from that of our Lord 1577, to the year of our Lord 1644; as appeareth from the time of his induction to the time of his death."

A story is told of him, that, preaching before Queen Elizabeth, he addressed her by the appellation of "my *royal* queen;" which a little while afterwards he changed for "my *noble* queen." "What!" said her Majesty (in a sort of whisper, it is to be supposed), "am I *ten* groats worse than I was?"



## WIFE AND NO WIFE;

## A ROMANCE.

*(Continued from page 69.)*

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## CHAP. III.

\* THE union of Rosalie and Darlington, though a happy one, was not fated to be of long duration: the shock she had experienced in the early disappointment of her fondest hopes, had preyed in secret on her spirits, and gradually undermined a constitution never very robust; the subsequent fatigue of maternal duties soon overpowered her, and she expired in the arms of her afflicted husband when Virginia had just attained her tenth month.

Darlington mourned her loss with sincere regret; for a time he imagined that happiness was wrested from him for ever; but, as is generally the case, these sombre ideas wore off by degrees, and when he again returned to his daily occupations, every hour, by bringing with it something to divert his thoughts, stole from his mind a portion of its grief; it is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that in about three years after the death of Rosalie, he listened to the persuasions of his old friend Melcombe, with whom he had lately renewed his intimacy, and led the baronet's sister to the altar, a match eligible both in point of fortune and respectability of connexion.

These particulars had not been detailed by Virginia to her friend, as they were already known to that lady; but they tended materially to influence the opinion and character of Virginia, and served to impress her with an idea that all men were wavering, cold-hearted, and incapable of a

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\* By some mistake this part was omitted in its proper place, it should have been inserted before the commencement of Chap. II.



sincere disinterested attachment. But whatever were the prejudices of Virginia at eighteen, it is not to be supposed that, when called upon to act her part on the great stage of life, she should so far forget her real character as to persevere in singularity so absurd as to shun mankind with aversion and terror. Inconstant and ungrateful as she believed them, she yet admitted that there might be exceptions; and she did not deny that it was her wish to meet with one on whom she could depend for protection and tender regard. Attracted by her personal charms, fascinating manners, and reputed fortune, her admirers were innumerable; but she still turned a deaf ear to their addresses, and laughed with unfeigned merriment when soon after she heard of their being united to some less scrupulous fair one.

One evening, at the theatre, her attention was attracted by two persons in the next box, who were conversing in a foreign language, which Virginia did not understand; she turned to observe the party, and perceived an elderly gentleman with a youth, whom she supposed to be his son. Their eyes met: never had a ray of such sweet intelligence beamed on the countenance of Virginia; she instantly averted her head with confusion, crimsoning her cheek; but her eyes were soon again attracted to the same object, and again she found him earnestly gazing at her; the elderly gentleman seemed wholly engrossed by the performance. Virginia was glad it was so, though she could scarcely tell why, but she imagined it was because his countenance appeared stern, repulsive, and, she would have said, malignant. The curtain was dropped; the house began to thin; Virginia's party prepared to depart; yet she still kept her seat, and could not help observing that the strangers also still remained in their box. When in the lobby, her dress was trod on by some one behind; she turned hastily, and her eyes once more encountered the handsome foreigner, who gracefully apologized for his awkwardness. The dress, however, was torn, but Virginia was not in the least vexed at the accident, neither could she suspect him guilty of



awkwardness who was capable of making such an elegant and expressive apology. She returned home to muse and to meditate; for the first time in her life, she had suffered her fancy to outstrip her judgement; she would have given any money to find out who the strangers were; yet how hopeless did the desire appear in a place like London. In vain, for several days, did she make various circumspect enquiries of her friends; none had noticed the strangers; and she began to be almost ashamed of appearing to be so much interested upon their account, when, to her infinite surprise, she one morning received the following card:

"Don Lopez de Tornado begs permission to pay his respects to Miss Darlington, as a friend and kinsman."

Though much astonished by such a request, Virginia hesitated but a very short time ere she returned a polite and acquiescent answer; for it immediately struck her, that in Don Lopez she should meet the foreigner, about whom she was so anxious, not upon his own account indeed, but upon account of his companion, with whom he was probably connected by relationship. Nor was her conjecture unfounded; for, at the time appointed in her note, she was waited upon by both gentlemen.

After the first ceremonies had passed, Don Lopez addressed himself to Virginia—"Before I proceed to state the object of this intrusion, Miss Darlington, permit me to enquire if you ever heard from your late father any particulars concerning the family of Tornado?" "I have, sir; I believe my father married the lady Philippa, daughter of Don Miguel de Tornado." Don Lopez smiled bitterly, and seemed on the point of uttering an angry exclamation; but checking himself, on a look from his companion, he resumed—"He did so; it was an unfortunate affair throughout—Philippa was my sister! However, I came not here to rake up the ashes of the dead, they are gone where they must answer for their misdeeds. Particular business called me to London. The beauty and accomplishments of Miss Darlington, I found to be the general theme, and I was desirous of an introduction, that I might ascertain



whether she was the daughter of the Darlington I once knew, that I might impart to her some particulars with which she was possibly unacquainted." Virginia scarcely knew what to make of this strange address. "I believe, sir," said she, after a few moments' pause, "I am perfectly informed of every circumstance of that unhappy connection, and should hope that, as the parties are now no more, all feelings of animosity have subsided: you surely cannot be so unjust as to implicate me in your real or imaginary wrongs?" "Undoubtedly not," replied Don Lopez, hastily; "it is to bespeak your friendship, to make overtures of a conciliatory nature, that I come here;" and he glanced at his companion, who stood silently contemplating a portrait of Virginia's mother, which hung over the fireplace. The insinuation brought a ready blush on the cheek of Miss Darlington; to conceal her embarrassment, she proposed another question—"There was a child born under the distressing circumstances before alluded to, Don Lopez; may I enquire its fate?" "The infant daughter of Mr. Darlington and my sister, died on its passage to Cadiz." "It was then a daughter?" enquired Virginia, eagerly; for a thought had struck her which gave her momentary uneasiness. "Had you any reason for thinking otherwise?" asked Don Lopez, fixing his dark scrutinizing eyes upon her countenance. "Oh no! but that gentleman—I beg pardon—but you have neglected to introduce him." "I understand you, and ought to apologize for my remissness;—That, madam, is my son, Sebastian de Tornado. In fact, Miss Darlington, I wish to be as explicit as circumstances will admit; an unhappy depression of spirits has, for some time, taken possession of him, and occasioned me the most alarming apprehensions; to divert his thoughts from a remote affliction, I undertook this voyage to England, and taking advantage of our distant relationship, hope, through your kind offices, to get him introduced to respectable and agreeable society. I flatter myself that his family, fortune, and education, will justify your undertaking such a kind office.



Don Lopez then, with much formality, led his son up to Virginia, who was surprised at observing the traces of strong emotion on his countenance. She recollected what his father had hinted, of a remote affliction, and naturally concluded that some hopeless attachment was the cause of his present dejection. This idea served in some degree to remove the awkwardness of her own situation, and she extended her hand with the frankness and cordiality of an old acquaintance. The conversation soon turned on indifferent topics, and Sebastian, gradually recovering his spirits, became cheerful and animated; yet it was evident that he stood in awe of his father, and frequently, upon receiving a quick glance, checked himself in the middle of a lively sally, and relapsed into thoughtfulness.

As soon as her visitors took leave, Virginia repaired to her cousin Marian, to whom she related all that had passed. This young lady, who was the daughter of Sir Charles Melcome, had a sincere friendship for Virginia, and having been almost constantly with her for the last five years, knew her real character and peculiarities more than any other person. To a most amiable disposition, she united a quick penetration and comprehensive mind, sensibly alive to every good and generous impulse; yet guardedly circumspect in her conduct, and cautious of placing dependance on untried professions. She listened attentively to the communications made by her friend, and then enquired if she intended to admit these people to her friendship. "Why should I not?" enquired Virginia. "They seem desirous of cancelling all animosities, and it would appear singularly vindictive, nay, unreasonably fastidious, if I refused to admit them among the circle of my friends." "But the appeal is so strange, so abrupt, Virginia." "Consider how they are situated, Marian; strangers here, it might be a long time before they could have obtained an introduction in any other way." "I admit that; yet am at a loss to fathom their designs; for designs they certainly have, whether good or bad I cannot pretend to determine." Virginia smiled, for vanity whispered to her that their designs were



obvious enough. Marian, however, did not seem inclined to foster her vanity, for she gravely resumed—"For my own part, Virginia, I cannot say that I entertain any high opinion of these foreigners. Don Lopez has been represented in your father's manuscript as a licentious profligate character; his sister's conduct must have irritated him in the highest degree; and it is not likely that he would feel very cordial sentiments towards the daughter of one, from whom he has sustained, what he must consider, a material injury."

"How methodically you argue, my dear Marian: suppose my father did indiscreetly incur the displeasure of the haughty Don, what have I to do with it? besides, Mr. Darlington was then but a poor clerk in my grandfather's office; I am now the independent mistress of an ample fortune; an alliance, therefore, would not be so likely to hurt the family dignity." "An alliance!" repeated Marian, with a look of astonishment and alarm; "I had no idea of such an arrangement being in contemplation." "Nor I, indeed, my dear Miss Melcombe," returned Virginia, laughing at her own inadvertence; "I merely meant to explain to you that it was not improbable but the father might form such views, if it were merely for the sake of diverting his son's mind from a more hopeless attachment." "Then," observed Marian, archly, "I may infer, that, in this case, it would not be *hopeless*?"

Virginia had betrayed more of her mind than she intended, and for a few minutes her confusion was evident; then rising, and taking the hand of her friend, which she pressed with energy, she replied—"Draw what conclusion you please, my dear Marian, I know you have my interest warmly at heart, and I will not attempt to deceive you. Sebastian, timid, silent, reserved, as he is, has made more impression on my mind than all my clamorous, forward suitors, who imagined they had only to woo and win me." "Do you include Angerstein in this list?" asked Marian, reproachfully. "Oh! no; I respect, I esteem Angerstein; but he is too sublime for me; I feel a degree of awe in his presence that completely annihilates every tenderer sentiment. Ah! no; I could never love Angerstein; but there is something



so insinuating, so submissive, so ardent, in the looks of Sebastian, that I am convinced he would never presume on the distinction he might be favoured with, even while he almost idolized the object." "But, my dear Virginia, this is merely a national trait; remember, Angerstein is an Englishman, less enthusiastic, less sensitive, but probably far more sincere." "You are an able advocate, my dear Marian; I am sure if Angerstein knew how ably you pleaded his cause, his gratitude would induce him to make a transfer of his regard; indeed, Miss Melcombe, I think you admirably suited for each other." "You always silence me by these observations, you know, Virginia; therefore we will drop the subject. I only entreat you to be cautious how you involve yourself with these strangers; but I shall be able to judge better when I have been in their company." Miss Darlington then informed her friend, that she had given them an invitation to meet a select party at her house on the following evening. "I understand Sebastian is a first-rate musician; this talent will charm even you," said she, smiling, with returning good humour; "and then I shall be quite happy; for I am sure I could never *love* any one my Marian disliked, though it may not be possible for me to like all she approves." This ended the conference of the fair friends, who then separated for the night.

(To be continued.)

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#### MISS CATLEY AND THE POULTERER.

WHEN Miss Catley, the celebrated singer and comic actress, lived in King Street, Covent Garden, she went one morning into the shop of a neighbouring poulterer, and asked the price of a woodcock. He replied, eight shillings. "Eight shillings!" said the lady; "it is immoderately dear; but I want one for a friend, and therefore I will give you six." "Well," returned the poulterer (who was a wag, and well knowing whom he addressed), "it is too cheap; but I'll take your money, because I think it a pity that a *woodcock* and a *toast* should be parted."



## THE MONTRESS.

ESSAY THE THIRD.

## ON THE GOVERNMENT OF THE TEMPER.

“VIRTUE's an ingot of Peruvian gold ;  
SENSE, the bright ore Potosi's mines unfold ;  
But TEMPER's image must their use create,  
And give these precious metals sterling weight.”

IN our intercourse with the world, and our more intimate association with its inhabitants, few things are of so much importance to ourselves, and those with whom we are connected, as a well-regulated temper, and a good disposition; and though it is very possible for the one to exist without the other, yet on the combination hangs that respect which we are desirous of inspiring in the breasts of our fellow creatures.

It is no uncommon thing to behold individuals generous, humane, and hospitable, and yet, by giving way to an irritability of nerves, or an impetuosity of temper, totally destroying domestic concord. That it is impossible for persons of this description to enjoy happiness, will, I am persuaded, be readily allowed; for not feeling at peace with themselves, it is not possible for them to be so with others.

It has been asserted that sweetness of temper is the result of a happy conformation, and is no more a virtue in its possessor, than loveliness of features and symmetry of form. Though I am ready to allow that much depends upon the disposition, yet it is no uncommon circumstance to see a naturally sweet temper become irritable, either from a succession of misfortunes or extreme indulgence; but when a sense of duty leads the victim of an unhappy temper to subdue its impetuosity, or conquer those propensities which may be merely termed fretful, such a conquest entitles the individual to the highest commendation.



This conquest over natural imperfection, I am peculiarly desirous of recommending to my fair readers, fully aware that there is no situation in life where the practice of it will not tend to domestic comfort. In affliction, it induces the afflicted calmly to submit to the dispensation of that Being, who, for some wise and beneficent purpose, woundeth the children of men; and teaches them still to feel grateful for the blessings they possess. In sickness, it inspires patience and resignation, lest constant complaining should wound the feelings of affection, or exhaust the patience of attendants. In short, whatever are the trials or vicissitudes we are destined to encounter, sweetness of temper enables us to bear them.

I know not an aphorism of such dangerous tendency as "The falling out of lovers proving a renewal of love;" for I am convinced that no man of sense and education will ever find his attachment to an object augmented by altercation and dissention; consequently, in the character of a Monitress, I wish to caution the youthful against such an experiment.

Unfortunately for society, the generality of parents are not aware of the early period in which good or bad habits are formed; or in perfect childhood, if not in infancy, they would check the first ebullition of violence. Love, that strongest of the human passions, is often converted into hatred and disgust; merely from the effect of temper operating upon an unamiable disposition; yet I am inclined to believe, if the cultivation of the temper was properly attended to in childhood, no such baneful consequences could be produced. Whenever love is converted into hatred, and when lovers appear to take delight in tormenting each other, it is natural to conclude that temper predominates over affection; and woe to the individual who, after such a display of disposition, ventures to approach the altar!

That man on whom the Omnipotent bestowed superiority of intellect, tells us, that "He who loveth his son causeth him often to be corrected;" and again, "He that chastiseth his son shall have joy of him, and shall rejoice in him amongst his acquaintance." So numerous are the instances which might be produced to prove the advantages which arise from



an early check being placed upon the passions, and proper correctives resorted to for the purpose of subduing natural violence of temper, that, if particularized, they would fill the largest volume; and consequently could not be admissable in a periodical publication. I am fully convinced of the difficulties which attend a proper mode of education, and of the variety of methods which ought to be pursued with objects of different dispositions; yet I am persuaded that the parents who have resolution to correct the imperfections discoverable in the characters of their offspring, at once perform their duty and display their affection.

On mothers chiefly depend the formation of the child's temper, whatever may be its sex; by her it is first instructed in principles of piety, and, in fact, all the moral virtues which at a future period can adorn the character of the man. How often have I seen maternal resolution struggling to subdue feminine tenderness! and whilst a necessary punishment was inflicting, beheld tears of sorrow bedew the affectionate hand! What a debt of gratitude do children owe those parents, who, in opposition to all those soft feelings which the hand of Nature implanted, nobly resolve to perform their duty by subduing, if not altogether conquering, the impetuosity of passion? So dreadful are the effects which I have witnessed of ungovernable passion, that I can scarcely avoid considering it as the sister disease of derangement; and I am of opinion that coercive measures might be resorted to with as much utility with the one as the other. The maniac, it is true, is alike indifferent to the good opinion of the potentate or the peasant; whilst the victims of the most violent passion can subdue them in the presence of a person of superior consequence. Yet it is not from the impulse of passion alone that domestic harmony is interrupted, for the pettish, the sullen, and the discontented, are equal, if not greater, enemies to it. Characters of the former description may not inaptly be compared to a person with a perpetual blister upon their back shrinking from the touch of those who approach them, and ready to quarrel with those who come in contact. The very presence of a sullen person seems to envelope society in a cloud of



darkness impenetrable to the sunshine of cheerfulness; and Paradise itself could not afford enjoyment to a temper naturally discontented.

As the happiness of domestic life and even the pleasure of association depend upon the management of the temper, it surely becomes the duty of every individual to check the impulse of spleen and the ebullitions of passion. Conciliatory manners neither require superiority of intellect nor refinement of education; but in every class of society will prove to us a letter of recommendation. Trifling acts of kindness are neither attended with difficulty nor exertion; they are the silken bonds which unite society, and the strengtheners of natural affection. It is by the exercise of these that society is kept together, and the amiable propensities of our disposition called into action; for few have the power of conferring essential obligations, yet the most humble individual may show kindness to their fellow creatures.

This courtesy of manner ought, in a peculiar degree, to be exemplified in that sex to whom softness and amenity characteristically belong; for the most perfect features must surely lose their loveliness when under the distorting influence of passion! As, however, it is universally allowed that example is more impressive than precept, I shall exemplify my remarks, and endeavour to entertain my readers, by the history of two individuals; the one nobly subduing a natural irritability of temper, and the other the miserable victim of ungovernable passion.

*(To be continued.)*

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#### DUKE OF WHARTON AND COLLEY CIBBER.

GRANGER relates an anecdote of the facetious Colley Cibber, that riding with the Duke of Wharton in his coach at Winchendon, Bucks, where the soil is a stiff clay, and the roads very deep and heavy, he thus addressed himself to his noble companion: "Report says, that your Grace is running out of your estates; but, I am sure it is impossible for you to *run out of this.*"



## THE CHILD OF THE BATTLE.

BY H. FINN.

*(Continued from page 93.)*

As I advanced for the purpose of dispelling her reserve, she suddenly receded with a look of apprehension. I paused, and she also remained stationary. While I stopped, her countenance assumed the placidity of confidence, and her glances wandered over my form with expressions of curious satisfaction, although my dress and appearance were calculated more to elicit a feeling of commiseration than pleasure: a pair of torn canvas trowsers, a checked shirt, and black handkerchief, constituted my only clothing; a jacket, which I had appropriated to shelter you in the boat, had been left. The exposure of my features to a tropical sun had, even in so short a period, dyed them with its beams to the dark tint of an Asiatic native; my beard had grown to a disgusting length; my hair was matted in tangled masses; and the effects of long confinement, joined to an anxiety, for ever on the stretch, were visible in my wasted features. These melancholy truths were too suddenly told me by the mirror I had ventured to consult; and my soul seemed to shrink from its habitation, whilst I gazed upon my altered nature. The habits of civilization still clung to my thoughts; and although confronted by a wilderness of intellect in the untaught being I beheld, yet the glow of chance could not have increased its heat upon my cheek, had I encountered the refined presence of a fashionable European female. However, I quickly discarded every useless particle of false shame, by calling to my recollection the unprepossessing appearance of her savage companion, and so became reconciled to myself. I was fearful of interrupting the security in which she seemed to repose, while I stood still, by a movement that might excite her alarm; yet my doubts respecting your safety, compelled me, however reluctantly, to pursue my way towards the place where I had left you: she precoded me a few steps, yet she would



look back, and I observed the gloom of sadness had chased away the smiles which wanted on her lips; big tears coursed one another down her cheeks as she lifted her dark eye to heaven, and pointed first at me, and then to the wide ocean. Her conduct was perplexing. Had I inspired her with a sudden attachment? The whisperings of vanity had begun to affirmative the question, when the decisive voice of reason checked the silly intruder, and referred the elucidation of her behaviour to the sure unraveller, Time. I continued to follow her steps, although uncertain whether they would lead me to the spot I most wished to see; the minutes passed rapidly, and found us still proceeding; it was evident I was not approaching the place I had wandered from, as only one quarter of the time had sufficed to take me from thence to the beach. Without the knowledge of your fate, and uncertain of my own, I vented curses on my folly for quitting you, and carelessness in forgetting the path I had pursued. No alternative now remained but to resign myself to the guidance of her whose happiness had been so strangely changed to grief. Once I stopped, merely to observe the effect it would produce. She beckoned me to follow with uncouth gestures; as I hesitated, she grasped my wrist with violence, and hurried me along. I had scarcely ceased to wonder at the inconsistency of her soft and feminine appearance, with the rudeness of her actions, when her former companion appeared in a paroxysm of rage, which I rightly attributed to the predominance of jealousy. The distortion of deep and deadly revenge had transformed the savage into the fiend. He waved his dagger, a dreadful weapon that tapered in a serpentine shape to the sharpest point, with menacing attitudes, and I deemed myself a sacrifice to his savage wrath. I had no weapon of defence; and had I possessed one, the Herculean powers of my adversary would have rendered its effect abortive. The interposition of the female, who threw herself before me, availed nothing; with one hand he dashed her to the earth. He rushed upon me, and I elevated the mirror to receive the blow he aimed, when he started back, and the



dagger fell from his hand! *He had beheld his own convulsed features!* Perceiving the fortunate effect, I sought to renew it, and held the glass to his features. Again he covered them with his hands, and fled some few paces, but stopped; and turning, gazed at me with silent wonder. A moment's delay might have lost the advantage with which Providence had favoured me, and I hastened to possess the weapon he had dropped, still keeping my eye fixed upon his movements. Whilst in the act of stooping for it, I observed that the strong reflexion of the sun from the mirror, had accidentally flashed across his face, and caused another source of fear to him, mingled with extreme astonishment. Although in possession of the dagger, I was inclined to increase every impression tending to establish the reign of terror, conscious that my chief claim to security rested solely on the authority I could assume over his credulity. I therefore directed steadily the whole force of the reflected rays upon his features; dazzled by the glare, and terrified, as I conceived, by the phenomena, he once more fled; I followed, and, as he occasionally looked back, I still maintained the position that threw the light strongly on his face; he frequently looked up to the sun, appearing in amazement how its beams could proceed in an opposite direction; and, indeed, it was a fortunate circumstance that he took a path to retire which admitted the operation of my deceptive effect; for had he receded in a line from the sun, my valuable glass would have proved of no utility. It was with no small degree of gratification that I congratulated myself in his disappearance, and my own preservation; and I silently blessed the intervention of heaven, and its beneficence in converting an ornament, formed to gratify the excess of vanity and selfish folly, into an instrument of life-preserving power. Released from personal apprehensions for the present, I remained at liberty to notice and relieve the female, who still lay stretched upon the earth, to which the inhumanity of the Indian had struck her. My attention was soon rewarded by her recovery: her lovely lips were lacerated and swelled from the violence of the blow, yet, upon her coming perfectly to her



senses, the feeling of her own injuries was lost in joy at the sight of me; and when she beheld the destructive weapon in my hand, it knew no bounds; she laughed, danced, sung, and seemed half frantic. She took my hand that held the dagger, and doubled my fingers around the handle, pressing them hard, and pointing to it, then imitating the act of throwing it away, shook her head violently. I could not mistake her meaning; it was never to relinquish possession of the weapon. Her gestures were so palpably expressive, from their just correspondence with the words she would, but could not substitute, that I was at no loss to interpret her slightest action. I was anxious about her sufferings, and intimated, in the best manner I was able, how much I deplored the usage she had experienced, and how willing I was to offer any alleviation in my power: she comprehended me, and pointing to her swollen lip, put on a contemptuous smile of indifference; but a new idea crossing her, she suddenly left me, and bounding through the intricacies of the wood, which skirted the plain, was soon out of sight. The undoubted proofs she had given of her zeal to serve me, even at the exposure of her existence, gave me sufficient confidence in her return; nor had I any danger to apprehend from her quick departure, yet my situation was by no means enviable. The mysterious complexion of events that had darkened my former days, still promised an eternal torture of suspense and uncertainty, in my most favourable view of the future. And often as I summoned religion and fortitude to my aid, as frequently did I find their tranquillity formed only to be destroyed by fresh assaults upon my peace and patience. These harrassing reflections were succeeded by more grateful ones for my preservation, and the latter replaced again by gloomy anticipations. Thus agitated by momentary transitions from opposing passions, I wished for her return. It was soon granted, and her absence accounted for. Although insensible and careless herself to the hurt she had received, the feeling I had manifested induced her to seek a remedy, and she returned grasping a quantity of a certain herb, the medicinal virtues



of which she pressed from it, and moistened her lips with the juice. Its healing qualities were speedily exemplified, by stanching the wound that had been bleeding profusely. She now motioned me to follow; but the exertions I had made, after so long a period of inertness, combined with want of food, had reduced my spirits and body to a debility which refused to support me, and I lay down exhausted, scarcely conscious of a desire beyond that of dissolution. The female, fully alive to the weakness that pervaded my frame, sprung with the agility of a fawn in search of relief; and revived by the various fruits and renovating plants she procured, I slowly commenced the journey, guided and assisted by her. Constant exercise, and manly pursuits, had conferred strength and elasticity on her graceful limbs, and made less painful the necessity of reliance on her aid. Many hours had passed in alternately resting, and proceeding with the measured step of fatigue, and the day drew near its close. The impenetrable nature of the wood we were treading, caused innumerable delays from the weakness I betrayed in forcing a passage; although the only line in which it could be pierced, seemed to be that she had chosen, and with which she appeared to be so perfectly conversant, that no doubts served to retard our progress. At length we reached a narrow open space, where a bank of sand had interdicted the growth of grass or jungle, and she made signs to me that this must be my place of rest for the night. Wondering why she had selected a spot so completely destitute of shelter, she seemed to understand my thoughts; and taking up a handful of the long grass, made the motion of lying upon it; then began shivering violently. This was sufficiently indicative of the difference that subsisted between the dangerous effects of sleeping upon the damp herbage, and beneficial couch of sand that had been heated by the sun throughout the day. Gladly I stretched my aching joints upon the sand, and watched her employment; which was, collecting the dry sticks and piling them in a circle round me, as a guard against the intrusion of the wild tenants of the wood. By means of a continued and



violent friction of touchwood, a flame was kindled, and communicating to the dry fence that surrounded me, the fire quickly ran round the circle. After she had enclosed us both, she divested herself of the sash that she wore, and prepared to bind it round my head. This action, so consonant with the custom of European modes, suggested the idea of her having once been associated with the manners of more civilized nations. She then sat down, and leaning her face upon her hands, seemed to sleep. I half-closed my eyes, and could observe, that, after allowing a probable time for my certain repose to elapse, she lifted her head, and the same deep impressions of grief saddened her features; intently she fixed her eyes upon me, and the fast-falling drops of sorrow streamed from them; a heart-bursting sigh escaped her, but the fear of disturbing my rest, induced her, with painful efforts, to suppress her strong feelings. Fatigue prevented my continuance of observations; and I sunk to rest, wishing for a morning that was to witness a fearful epoch in the history of my life.

*(To be continued.)*

#### A SECOND PALLAS.

In Chelsea church is a monument with a Latin epitaph, the translation of which is as follows:

"In an adjoining vault lies Anne, only daughter of Edward Chamberlayne, doctor of law, born in London the 20th of January, 1667; who, having long declined marriage, and aspiring to great achievements, unusual to her sex and age, on the 30th of June, 1690, on board a fire ship, in man's clothing, as a second Pallas, chaste and fearless, fought valiantly six hours against the French, under the command of her brother. Snatched, alas! how soon, by sudden death, unhonoured by a progeny, like herself, worthy to rule the main! Returned from the engagement, and after some months married to John Spragg, Esq. with whom she lived most amiably happy. At length, in childbed of a daughter, she encountered death, 30th October, 1691. This monument for a consort most virtuous and dearly beloved, was erected by her husband."



## REFLECTIONS

ON THE

## RAISING OF LAZARUS.

“ Marvel not at this: for the hour is coming in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good to the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil to the resurrection of damnation.” *John v. 28.*

THERE is no part of the New Testament more pleasing to the contemplative Christian, than the pathetic and animated description which St. John gives of the raising of Lazarus from the tomb, by the miraculous power of our blessed Saviour. Cold and abandoned must be that heart which melts not at the tenderness of the narration, and glows not with unbounded love and adoration for that august being who could so far pity the distresses of his creatures as to restore to his anxious and sorrowing friends one whom the yawning grave had, as they feared, for ever hid from their society. Jesus knew his friend was sick, but he healed him not; he whom he loved was sick, yet he hastened not to relieve him, though the distracted sisters of the dying Lazarus sent to entreat his attendance. He had a greater object in view than the mere office of friendship. “This sickness,” said he, “is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby.” Knowing, by his divine omniscience, that his friend Lazarus was at length dead; how tenderly does he inform his disciples of the loss of their beloved acquaintance! “Our friend Lazarus sleepeth;” and on their not perfectly understanding him, though doubtless they suspected the weight of their misfortune, he continues, “Lazarus is dead.” How dearly this righteous man was loved by the disciples of Jesus appears, when Thomas, in an agony of sorrow, exclaims, “Let us also go that we may die



with him." Jesus now repaired to Bethany, and found Lazarus indeed dead, and consigned to the grave. Who can paint the joy of the devout sisters of the departed, when they saw their Saviour approach their dwelling? Conscious of the merciful and benign disposition of her master, Martha exclaims, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died!" Her sister Mary also uttered the same expression, whilst the tears of affection streamed down her cheeks. Never was distress equal to that this once happy family endured, for the loss of him who was the life of their social conversation, and the constant companion of their devotions. The Jews also, whose office it was to comfort the afflicted sisters, could not support the scene, but wept with those they lately endeavoured to soothe and sustain. Jesus contemplated the miserable group: he gazed with compassion on the misery of these surviving friends; his gentle nature yielded to human weakness, and he wept with them.—"Jesus wept."—The Saviour of the world wept, when he beheld the distresses to which mortals are exposed: he pitied the fallen condition of man, and the various train of evils to which he is the victim. He wept also for his friend: the tear of regret over the grave of the departed, is a tear of piety; for he whose heart knew no guile, wept over the tomb of his beloved Lazarus.—Undoubtedly, compassion for the misfortunes of man was the chief cause of his precious tears, for he knew even death, inexorable but to him, would yield up his prey when he commanded. The unbelieving Jews imagined the sole cause of his grief was the death of Lazarus, and they exclaimed, "Behold how he loved him!" They knew not, or had they known they would not have believed, the great work which Jesus at this moment meditated; they beheld him, as they thought, stupefied with sorrow for the loss of one who had been long dear to him. Rousing himself from the contemplation of human wretchedness, the Saviour of the world now desired to be conducted to the tomb of Lazarus: he attempted not to soothe the sorrows of Martha and her sister by words of kindness, but prepared to restore them to happiness by the restoration of their brother to life, as he had promised; though the im-



perfect faith of every bystander forbade a hope of the possibility. Let us follow them to the tomb; it was a cave, and a stone lay upon it. At the entrance, Martha expressed a fear lest the unpleasant odour of the corpse should offend Jesus; he rebuked her with gentleness, and entered the sepulchre. By this time all who were present began to expect a miracle, yet all were still lost in a conflict of opposing passions: on the part of the friends of Jesus, hope, anxiety, doubt, and fear; on that of the unbelievers, scorn, derision, contempt, but mixed with awe, at the authoritative manner of the Saviour, who now approached the place where the dead was laid.—“Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me,” he cried; “and I knew that thou hearest me always, but because of the people which stand by, I said it, that they may believe that thou hast sent me.” And when he had spoken, he cried with a loud voice, “Lazarus, come forth.”—Let us pause a moment at this part of the narrative, and by the aid of imagination contemplate the group now assembled at the tomb of Lazarus. What a subject for the pencil of the inimitable West! Behold the confident, dignified countenance of the Lord, awaiting the restoration of his friend and servant; next to him, mark the affectionate sisters; what a commotion of expression agitates their fine features! they lean over the grave, every muscle of their countenances stretched to an agony of expectation, while they watch, with the fondness of friendship, the least signal of returning existence; see the disciples of Jesus, nothing doubting, stand in mute attention, gazing with wonder, love, and reverence, on the face of their divine Master. But what mixed emotions glow in the features of the attending Jews; some, who are half convinced of the reality of Christ’s divinity, have faith pictured on the lines of their faces; some are terrified at the expected spirit which is to arise from the sepulchre; others evidently ridicule the vain efforts of enthusiasm, for such they esteemed the words of the divine Immanuel.—The shroud moves gently; every eye is fixed upon the corpse. He stirs!—Lazarus awakes!—His sisters fly to support him, and to release him from the bondage of death. He recovers his recollection,



embraces his sisters, and, penetrated with gratitude, falls at the feet of Jesus. Many who were present believed. The miracle was so public, so complete, they could not refuse their faith, and they worshiped the Lord's anointed.—How beneficent, how tender towards the welfare of his creatures does our blessed Saviour here appear! The character of the Mediator between God and man is here held to our contemplation! And may we not hope that he who shewed such pity to the sorrows of Martha and Mary, will also remove our distresses, or at least alleviate them. Yes, the hope is not only founded on reason, but also on revelation: "Come unto me," saith he, "ye who are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. And again, "I will not break the bruised reed; and the smoking flax will I not quench. How consolatory to the man of sorrow are these reflections! What an antidote to the miseries of mortality! With Christ for our friend, we have nothing to fear: the gates of death are in his power, and he can open them on everlasting happiness. Like Lazarus, we may arise when we hear the voice of the Lord crying "Come forth." Words, how welcome to the righteous spirit! how dreadful to him whose days have been spent in vanity and irreligion! But if we are beloved of our Saviour, our resurrection will not be to a world of misery, like that of Lazarus, but to unspeakable glory and happiness.

R. PORTER.

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#### FREDERICK THE GREAT, KING OF PRUSSIA.

DR. KETT, in his *Elements of General Knowledge*, on the subject of the History of England, states—it is recorded in the "*Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg*," that the Great Frederick of Prussia observed, "If an Englishman has no knowledge of those kings that filled the throne of Persia, if his memory is not embarrassed with the infinite number of Popes that ruled the Church, we are ready to excuse him; but we shall hardly have the same indulgence for him, if he is a stranger to the origin of Parliaments, to the customs of his Country, and to the different lines of Kings who have reigned in England."



## MISS ARABELLA FERMOR;

THE BELINDA OF POPE'S "RAPE OF THE LOCK."

THE family of Perkins resided many years at Upton Court, Berks. Arabella, wife of Francis Perkins, Esq. who died in 1736, was the Belinda of Pope's Rape of the Lock, which he dedicated to her under her maiden name of Fermor. She died in 1738. "If," says Pope, "this poem had as many graces as there are in your person, or in your mind, yet I could never hope it should pass through the world half so uncensured as you have done."

The following prediction of the poet has long since been fulfilled:

"Then cease, bright nymph, to mourn thy ravish'd hair,  
Which adds new glories to the shining sphere;  
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast  
Shall draw such honour as the lock you lost;  
For, after all the murders of your eye,  
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die,  
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,  
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,  
This lock the Muse shall consecrate to fame,  
And midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name."

## THE STATUE OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

THE equestrian statue of Charles I. which stands near Charing Cross, from whence it looks towards Whitehall, the place where that monarch was beheaded, was sold at a low price, during the heat of the civil wars, to a cutler, who advertised, that he would melt it down, and make handles for knives of it. He, in fact, caused knives with bronze handles to be exposed to sale in his shop, by which he soon made a fortune; the republicans, who opposed the king, being all desirous of having some part of his statue, debased to a knife handle. The cutler, however, buried it under ground; and, at the time of the restoration of King Charles the Second, gave it to that prince, and he ordered it to be set upon a new pedestal, in the place where it formerly stood.



## EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS

*FOR AUGUST, 1816.*

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THE public mind has for a long time been amused with great events, and has been led to expect a glorious result. How this has been realized, the present distressed state of the country will best explain! After an arduous struggle of many years, the conclusion has been, to France and Spain, a return of bigotry, persecution, torture, and sanguinary executions, in violation of solemn treaties and royal faith; to England, the destruction of its manufactures, the depression of its agriculture, and the emigration of the higher orders of its population to the continent. Our attention is thus suddenly turned from the contemplation of great and splendid events to that of the wretchedness and misery occasioned by the vast drains on the industry and resources of the country to support taxes merely to pay the interest of money borrowed to carry on the late war. We have now no longer to recount the battles, victories, and disasters of large contending armies, but to record the privations that this protracted system of warfare has brought upon us. The distresses in those parts of the country where pains have been taken to collect particulars, are particularly afflicting. In one district in Staffordshire, there were found 166 families whose resources are all cut off, comprehending 822 individuals; 74 families, who earn one shilling per head per week, comprehending 483 individuals; 130 families, who earn two shillings per head per week, comprehending 820 individuals;—in another, there were 524 families without the means of livelihood, comprehending 2576 individuals; full one half of the population. And, but for some contributions sent, principally from London, by some benevolent individuals, on these distresses being known through the medium of the newspapers, many of these individuals must have perished for want.

Amid this distress, it gives us pleasure that those who alone have the power of mitigating and relieving the sorrows and



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# I FOUND THE WARRIOR ON THE PLAIN.

The words from the German of *Bruncker*.

Composed with an accompaniment for the Piano Forte by I.M.

I found the warrior on the plain, His eye was fix'd, his hand was chill, Still

*Largo e con espressivo.*

*pp*

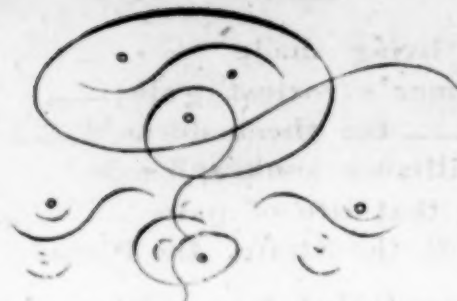
blood was on his helmet still, He died as Souls like his should die, In the hot clasp of V

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The eye was fix'd — but in its gaze,  
Look'd the high soul — the crimson brow,  
Was cold — but life's departing rays  
Had lit it with a warrior's glow.  
The soul that from that surf had flown  
Would not have sought a prouder throne.



I saw the lover  
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Give me the Sw



.Bartlett.

bore his breast the life's blood stain, The

Vic-to-ry! of Vic- to-

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 r's living shade  
 Summer's rosiest gale;—  
 oe — the cheek decay'd —  
 brilliance sunk and pale.  
 rag that life of pain  
 word! the Strife! the Plain!

Tilley 9 Hyde Street Bloomsbury.

## THE LADIES' MONTHLY MUSEUM.

wants of others, have proposed a Congress of Sovereigns at Carlsbad, for the purpose of making an arrangement for relieving nations from the enormous expense of keeping large standing armies; and among other retrenchments, which shall be the disposition of our administration, it is confidently said that two troops are to be reduced in every regiment of cavalry and two companies in every regiment of infantry.

For the more immediate relief of the distressed manufacturing and labouring poor, a meeting was held on the 29th of July ult. at the City of London Tavern, at which the Duke of York presided. After some debate on the best means to be resorted to for affording effectual relief, a general subscription was opened; but, we are sorry to say, this has not been attended with the wonted success.

The French Journalists congratulate their readers on the improving state of the French revenues, and on the defalcations in those of England. They also take another opportunity of self-gratulation from the number of English families who have placed their children in French boarding-schools.

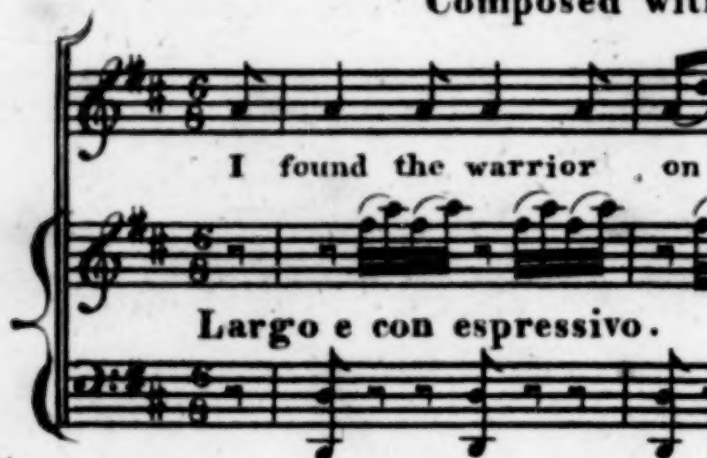
Every arrival from France brings fresh accounts of executions and the punishment of offenders; and the necessity of severity on the part of the government shew the want of attachment on the part of the people. At Carcassone, three individuals, who had attempted to break out of prison, and who, it should seem, had some political intrigue in view, were sentenced to death at half-past two o'clock on the 27th July, and executed at five in the evening. General Duvernnot was shot the same time at Lyons; and the three conspirators mentioned in our last, were also executed on this memorable day.

Sir Robert Wilson and Mr. Bruce are arrived in town from Paris. They were sent to Calais, guarded by two gendarmes, with loaded pieces, and two police officers. M. de Caze, at ten o'clock in the evening of the 27th, issued an order for them to quit Paris in three hours. Sir Robert was sitting at the time with Lady Wilson, and was extremely indignant on the occasion.

The weather on the continent has been as unfavourable as in this country, whole districts have been laid under water;

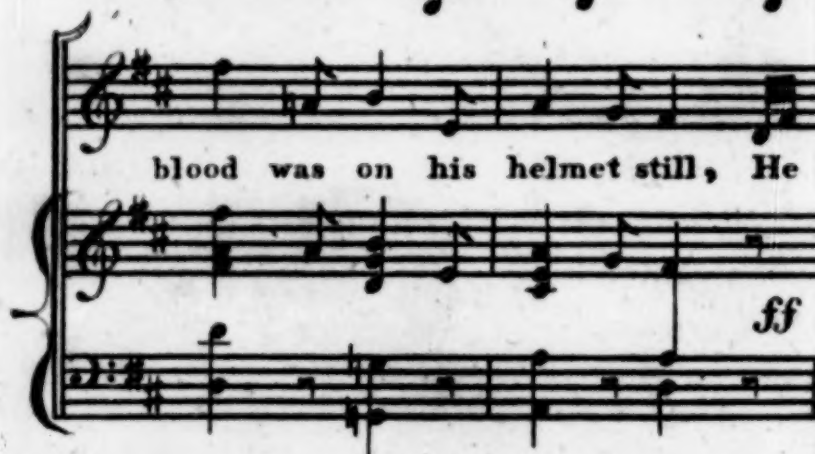


Composed with



I found the warrior on

*Largo e con espressivo.*



blood was on his helmet still, He

*ff*



- ry!

2

The eye was fix'd— but in its  
 Look'd the high soul—the cr  
 Was cold— but life's departi  
 Had lit it with a warrior's glow  
 The soul that from that surf h  
 Would not have sought a proud



wants of others, have proposed a Congress of Sovereigns at Carlsbad, for the purpose of making an arrangement for relieving nations from the enormous expense of keeping large standing armies; and among other retrenchments, which shew the disposition of our administration, it is confidently said that two troops are to be reduced in every regiment of cavalry, and two companies in every regiment of infantry.

For the more immediate relief of the distressed manufacturing and labouring poor, a meeting was held on the 29th of July ult. at the City of London Tavern, at which the Duke of York presided. After some debate on the best means to be resorted to for affording effectual relief, a general subscription was opened; but, we are sorry to say, this has not been attended with the wonted success.

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the overflowing of the Rhine has done considerable mischief, particularly to some of the Swiss cantons, and the vines in some parts of France have been greatly injured; and the vintage, it is said, will be wholly unproductive.

In Spain, in Russia, and in France, countries for whom we have been lavishly wasting our best blood and treasures, measures have been taken to prevent the introduction of British manufactures. These are our allies, who appear to have entered into a combination against us, which, we apprehend, will be attended with worse consequences than the Berlin and Milan decrees, since it is done in a way against which we cannot now oppose, unless we break with them all.

The French government are actively employed in recruiting their armies. Sixty thousand young men are to be raised by conscription, which Louis solemnly declared abolished, and intermixed with the veteran troops attached to the Bourbons.

The Princess of Wales, during her stay at Pera, received some magnificent presents, consisting of India shawls and scarfs, perfumes, and a magnificent diamond pin. She proceeded from Pera to Brussa, the ancient capital of the Ottoman empire in Asia. From thence she repairs to Jerusalem and Egypt. The princess, while at Pera and Bujuxdere, visited all the enchanting parts of the canal, but never once went to Constantinople, where the plague increases.

The funds have, in the present month, undergone rapid vicissitudes and considerable declension. We have always considered the public funds as the political barometer of the country; and that, whether high or low, they indicate the state of public confidence.

A party of Christian Royalists in South America, the beginning of last June, in several boats, landed in the Island of Pato, near the Northern Bocas, at the entrance into the Gulph of Paria, which belongs to England, and robbed, plundered, and murdered a great part of the inhabitants, on the charge of being patriots. The Spaniards put seven of these unfortunate people to death by Crucifixion, and by other means immolate all who fall into their hands.



## THE DRAMA.

### HAYMARKET.

*Exit by Mistake.*—This is one of the most pleasing comedies we have witnessed for a length of time; its whimsicalities are irresistible, and cannot fail to create a laugh from the most sordid misanthrope. Mr. Jameson is already known as the author of various other comedies; but this, certainly, excels them all. The change of incidents occur so rapidly, and the interest is kept alive with such pleasantry, that a continual convulsion of laughter pervades the whole house. Mr. Terry in the Nabob elicited the warmest applause. Mr. Jones is always amusing, and often excellent, as he certainly is in *Restless Absent*. Mr. Watkinson was very successful in *Straw*; a performance which pleased us much. Mr. Russell added greatly to the laughter of the piece by his *Rattletrap*, an American actor, and a most whimsical character. Mrs. Gibbs played extremely well; and, indeed, the whole comedy is well performed; we have seldom seen a greater favourite.

*My Landlady's Gown.*—This is a very pleasing farce; its incidents are of the most complex description. We have elopements, mistakes, Irish blunders, and disguises with my Landlady's gown; we have shuffling bucks, lovers, fathers, Irishmen, tailors, and, in fact, every ingredient requisite for exciting mirth: the whole is managed with the greatest dexterity; the attention is not suffered to flag, and the risible faculties are not permitted to find a moment's cessation; this is as it should be, this is complete farce! not the mongrels commonly ycleped under that name. Its author has evinced genuine wit, joined to neat language; and we are happy to find him repaid by the most distinguished applause. Mr. Jones in *Jocund* was, as usual, all life. Mr. Tokely rather overstrains his Irish Footman. Miss Taylor is a very pretty performer; we always see her with pleasure. R.

### ENGLISH OPERA.

*A Man in Mourning for Himself.*—A man repenting a courtship in which he has been engaged, gives out his own



death, and goes in mourning for himself. This is an idea which, in some hands, might have produced a good effect; but the author has made an insipid piece of it; he has, in fact, done worse than nothing for the actors, and the actors could only do the same for him. The songs were mere nonsense, and the music little better; with the exception of one song by Mr. Short. The audience groaned, yawned, and hissed: it was at length withdrawn; and the piece thus went into mourning for itself.

*Beggar's Opera.*—Miss Merry increases in public favour at every appearance: her performance of Polly was the most flattering we have witnessed since Miss Stephens; to whom she is no mean rival. Mr. Horn's singing in Captain Macheath was delightful; but his action is certainly inferior to Mr. Short's.

*Old Customs, or New Year's Gifts.*—The condemnation of this piece, we must certainly say, gave us infinite pleasure; for it proved, that, with all the rage for foreign produce, foreign excursions, and foreign innovations, of every description, John Bull is not so vitiated with French indelicacy, and French manners, as to take every noxious dose as it arrives. We hope the fate of this operetta, which is a translation from the French, will deter Mr. Arnold from any further violation of his contract "to encourage native talent."

*Mr. Incledon.*—It is with extreme regret we find a public confirmation of Mr. Incledon's intended exit from his native land. We are sorry, because he is an old favourite; and because by this intended trans-atlantic voyage, he is shaking off that respect which is due to him from his country; and, we fear, whilst wandering in the alternately sultry and frigid climate of America, he will sigh for those mild shores where the rays of his glory has shone. Mr. Incledon's vocal days have past their meridian, though he still retains a very powerful voice, yet its melody is fast breaking. His Artaban, in which he made his first appearance on this stage, is not equal to his Hawthorn, in which the powerful vigour of his voice is truly consistent with the character. The warm greeting which attends every appearance must make his departure a painful task.

R.









*Morning & Evening Costume for September.*

*Pub. Sept. 1<sup>st</sup> 1866 by Dean & Munday, 36, Threadneedle Street.*



THE  
**MIRROR OF FASHION**  
FOR SEPTEMBER, 1816.

WALKING DRESS,

Of jaconaut muslin, made to fit tight to the shape ; the body part of which is ornamented with very narrow tucks close together, and which gives it very much the appearance of being small plaited ; the sleeve is plain, but long, and finished at the wrist by a narrow treble flounce : the skirt is made rather full, finishing with a vandyke flounce.—Pelisse of green satin, over which is worn an elegant China crape scarf (much in vogue with belles of taste), or the French scarf, which is singular from its lightness and the peculiar brilliancy of its colours. Bonnet of Leghorn, of a moderate size, trimmed with riband, and ornamented with flowers in front.—Gloves, Boots, &c. to correspond.

OPERA DRESS,

Composed of white lace, worn over a beautiful white satin slip ; the skirt is trimmed in a novel and peculiar style of elegance, with lace festooned at regular distances ; the festoons are edged by a band of byas satin, and finished by pearl ornaments ; the body is composed likewise of lace, and richly ornamented round the bosom with pointed lace ; the sleeve is plain, long, and full, except near the wrist, which is almost light to the arm, and tastefully finished with lace.—The hair is parted in front, and simply dressed in loose curls, falling particularly low on each side, and ornamented with a wreath of roses, and a superb white ostrich plume.—Ear-rings, necklace, and bracelets, of diamonds.—White kid gloves, and white satin slippers.—This dress was invented by one of our most fashionable makers, and is much esteemed with ladies in the circles of taste and fashion ; it looks peculiarly elegant on females who are inclined to be tall.



## COSTUMES PARISIENNES.

THE walking dress is made high around, of fine cambric, or jaconaut muslin, trimmed at the bottom with four rows, or slips, vandyked, of rich embroidery; above is raised a flounce, vandyked on each side at the edges. Full muslin sleeves, with bands of embroidered cambric, five or six at equal distances, and wings, of transparent muslin, placed on each shoulder. A treble broad lace ruff, and muslin sash, the ends ornamented with lace, vandyked.—A Leghorn bonnet, with the edges turned up in front, and ornamented with feathers, or flowers, to the taste of the wearer.—Lilac kid shoes.—The hair in curls exhibited in front.

Gowns are worn with long sleeves, at the wrist a cuff, and the skirt ornamented at bottom with three rows, or three flounces, of muslin, or of the materials of the gown.—Half-dress gowns are made of fine cambric muslin, vandyked at the edges, and embroidered between the flounces.—For evening dress, sarsnet gowns are the mode, with three broad flounces, edged with raised, or indented riband.

Shawls, two yards and a half square, of flowered silk, manufactured at Lyons, with deep borders, are much admired for their lightness, fineness, and strength; the colours are vivid, and the flowers faithfully copied from nature. For variety, a muslin pelerine, with long ends, lace trimming, and treble ruff.

Straw hats, with a bunch of damask roses, a bouquet of roses, larkspurs, pinks, and field flowers, intermixed, placed on the left side: some are trimmed with riband, bound, or finished at the edge, by a row of puffed riband, or a quilling of blond; and many are decorated with a diadem, formed of white, or red roses and lilies. Hats, of Chinese silk, with full wreaths of flowers, as seen on public occasions. But in nothing is there a greater diversity of taste exhibited than in their hats.

A toque of tulle, with drooping feathers, and bandeaus, and other articles for head-dress, for the opera and evening parties, as before described in this work.



THE  
APOLLONIAN WREATH.



ON HEARING MISS MARIANNE F——R WAS AT BRIGHTON  
FOR THE RECOVERY OF HER HEALTH.

GENIUS of Fancy, prune thy airy wing,  
The weeping Muse of Marianne would sing:—  
Then let her mount with thee, and she will soar,  
To where the sea-green wave, with ceaseless roar,  
Dashes its spray on Brighton's pebbly shore. }  
—Hail! rural town, the favour'd seat of ease,  
Where love and beauty woo the ev'ning breeze;  
Sickness with palsied hand, and trembling vein,  
Here breathes of health, and starts to life again;  
The lovely maid, whose cheek was bleach'd with snow,  
Returns from thee with nature's ruby glow:  
If pale consumption bend his languid head,  
Hygeia smiles, and ev'ry fear is fled;  
If scorching fevers parch the vital blood,  
Fevers are quench'd in the salubrious flood:  
Here gout and dropsy wile away their pain,  
And health trips smiling on the jocund plain.—  
Who would not envy those that from the Steyne  
Glance on the sparkling wave's resplendent green?  
Inhale the breath that o'er the water strolls,  
Or sip the bounding current as it rolls?—  
And is she there, whose ever magic name  
Gleams like a meteor, with a lambent flame?  
And is she there, whose smiling features stolo  
Their secret witchery to my wounded soul?



And is she there, whose heav'nly mind could cheer,  
Though gloomy winter lagg'd throughout the year?  
And is she there, on whom fell sickness threw  
Her lengthen'd veil, surcharg'd and drench'd in dew;  
So mild in sadness, smiling in her tears,  
And made more beauteous by her trembling fears?—  
Oh! why does pain, with torturing lash, impart  
The cruel stroke that pierces to my heart:  
Still the remembrance of her glowing charms  
Throbs in each pulse, and in my bosom warms:  
Absence in vain forbids me to retrace  
The bland smile dimpling on her blushing face;  
In vain attempts to sunder from my view,  
The lovely object that my pencil drew.  
Dark was the hair that circled round her brow,  
And sable ringlets kiss'd her neck of snow;  
Swift were the rollings of her hazel eye,  
And soft as echo ev'ry heaving sigh;  
When her ripe lips, 'mid sparkling lustre, broke,  
Clear was the tone of ev'ry word she spoke,  
And ev'ry word she spoke so charm'd the ear,  
Envy stood silent ev'ry note to hear;  
And ev'ry note so softly prob'd the heart,  
You could have died for ever 'neath the smart.

For her let health in ev'ry zephyr blow,  
Bloom in the flow'rs, in ev'ry current flow,  
Tempt in the fruit, and sparkle in the wine,  
Glow in the sun, and in the moon-beam shine;  
Let thoughts of purest peace her hours employ,  
And ev'ry slumber kindle brighter joy;  
Sylphs shall attend her, and with kindred care  
Breathe on her couch, and sprinkle roses there:  
Then when we hear the music of her name,  
As erst we've heard it on the banks of Thame,  
We'll bless the guardian pow'r that brings along,  
Joy to our hopes, and vigour to our song;  
And as her lovely footsteps print the isle,  
Rejoice, and hail her welcome with a smile!

*August 5, 1816.*

LORENZO.



**STANZAS.**

**WOULD I** were rich and thou wert poor,  
 That so my love might fairer shine;  
**And** seeming then more bright and pure,  
 With worthier homage ask for thine !

Would I had found thee drooping pale,  
Some weeping, friendless, orphan child,  
Like lily trembling to the gale,  
Like primrose on the desert wild—

That I might check thy falling tears,  
Might lull to peace thy rude alarms,  
And stooping from my lofty sphere,  
Upraise thee to my shel't'ring arms!

For what though fame and fortune strew'd  
With rosy wreaths my thornless way ;  
Though wealthiest maidens fondly woo'd,  
And sigh'd their captive souls away ;

Yet would I seek thy lowly cell,  
And this my proudest joy should be—  
To bid the wond'ring world farewell,  
And fly from all that world to thee!

STANZAS ON THE SUN.

Now Sol with golden hand sublime,  
Upborne upon the wings of time,  
In orient car,  
From Thetis' bed his foaming steeds  
Along the vaulted heav'n he leads,  
Through East afar.

Wide o'er the blue ethereal plains,  
He guides the fiery coursers' reins  
To worlds unknown.

Lo! where the faintly chequer'd West  
His glorious orb invites to rest,

**In either zone.**

HATT.



## THE MUSE.—A FRAGMENT.

BY H. FINN.

THE Muse had slumber'd in the deep for aye,  
Had not the wise Deucalion mark'd the sound,  
That scarcely told her fingers touch'd the lyre,  
So nerveless they, so languid was each tone,  
And claim'd the dying swan, ere heav'n's full flood  
Had in its sedgy sepulchre entomb'd,  
With nature's form, the melody of song !  
O'er the broad level of the deluge, vast,  
To the Parnassian Mount, his syren flight  
Was wafted ; once more the matchless lyrist  
Renew'd the sounds that most her vot'ries love.  
Such was the magic of her soothing lay,  
Not e'en her offspring's all-entrancing lute\*,  
(Swaying instinctive Nature from her sphere,  
Lulling the brutish roar to mute delight,  
Imparting motion to the insensate flint,  
And the irriguous pity drawing  
From eyes ne'er op'd before, save but to flash  
Fierce terror and inhuman fire on man,)  
With nicer hand swept heav'nly music's wire.  
She bade light Zephyrus, of honey breath,  
Whisper to Echo her sweet minstrelsy,  
As fancy fram'd its wanton varied course.  
Oft would she smile upon the moonlight scene,  
And give her swelling measure to the air,  
Sometime so piteous soft, so lightly mild,  
That laughter had put on a shaded joy ;  
At other, strains would dance upon her harp,  
Till Sorrow wonder'd he e'er knew a tear :  
Then would pale Luna through the azure main  
Sail to her song, and light the Muse's watch,  
As halcyon Helicon sprung sparkling by,  
And rippled its delight !  
But who shall name the impatient growing fire  
That fed the quick'ning genius of her soul,  
When on the bare and cloud-wrapt rock  
She listen'd to the gathering tempest's clash ?  
'Twas when the frantic spectre of the storm

\* Orpheus.



Stretch'd his gigantic shadow o'er the wave,  
 Dash'd lakes of rain upon the whirlwind's breast,  
 Then hurl'd hot lightnings through the shapeless gloom,  
 Raving in foam to mock the thunder's voice,  
 And mad the world with horror at his will,  
 Th' inspir'd maid press'd ev'ry melting chord,  
 As struggling life, engulph'd by hopeless fate,  
 Gave its last shriek to the careering blast,  
 And by her sad lament, the ocean sprite,  
 Rock'd by the wind, and cradled in the wave,  
 Was lain submissive on his bending bed,  
 In fitful slumber. \* \* \* \* \*  
 The pensive grieving of the after calm,  
 Sigh'd forth regrets for violated peace,  
 And wreck'd existence, till to the Arctic clime  
 Loud Æolus had fled. \* \* \*

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### ELEGY,

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
 RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

Ah! what avails the monumental urn,  
 The sculptor'd bust of one who sleeps in death?  
 Can whispering angels bid to life return,  
 Or warm its mould'ring tenant into breath?

Suspended now the harp's immortal fire,  
 That genius wak'd in ecstasy of soul;  
 O'er it the hand that swept its frenzy'd wire,  
 The grave, importunate, hath all controul!

The slumb'ring dust that rests this pile beneath,  
 With lib'ral arts the Muses age endow'd,  
 At once was weav'd their brightest laurel-wreath,  
 That e'er the Graces in their smiles bestow'd.

How vain the boasted talents of the mind,  
 The blandishments of ease and polish'd birth,  
 That Heav'n form'd—if folly makes it blind—  
 Majestic structure! though of fragile earth!



Ah! where shall pensive beauty hope to spy\*  
 The votive page that spoke her bosom's throes?  
 When in its pathos true th' enquiring eye  
 Might find a balm for virtue's inmost woes!

Or where the patriot in proud display,  
 Aspiring oft to catch at classic lore?  
 In vain the senate, at the blaze of day,  
 Shall seek—and find that Sheridan's no more!

HATT.

See his Grotto, or Lines to Delia.

### STANZAS ON THE MOON.

MARK how the Moon her shadowy gleam  
 Plays on yon peaceful bosom's stream  
 In rippl'd light;  
 Now on its lucid breast appears  
 The chaste-ey'd queen in dewy tears,  
 At solemn night!

There nodding groves, and pine-top trees,  
 Fann'd by the gently-waving breeze,  
 Reflected rise,  
 Where mountains, vales, and woodlands lay  
 That seem to touch, with silv'ry ray,  
 The fleecy skies!

HATT.

### NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Lorenzo's Song, The Farewell, and other favours, shall be inserted in our next. Albion's Sonnet is too incorrect for publication.

We are sorry that any part of "Wife and no Wife," should, by mistake, have been omitted; of the other articles, we have no knowledge. "How to Rule a Husband" is safely received.

The subject of Mr. R. P.'s critical Essay has been already ably treated of under the title of "Literary Hours;" we should be happy to receive from him short moral tales.

We regret our limits have compelled us to omit a part of the approved production of the "Tomb of Amestris;" the beautiful allegory of "Labour and Ease;" and to abridge our highly-valued Theatrical Correspondent's communications.

The complete Novellette of "Law and Licentiousness" is received, and shall appear next month. A continuation of favours from the author of "The Effects of Chivalry in the dark Ages" is solicited.









*Requiem for Louis*  
*Duchess de Berri.*

*Pub. Oct. 1818. by Dean & Munday 33. Throgmorton Street.*